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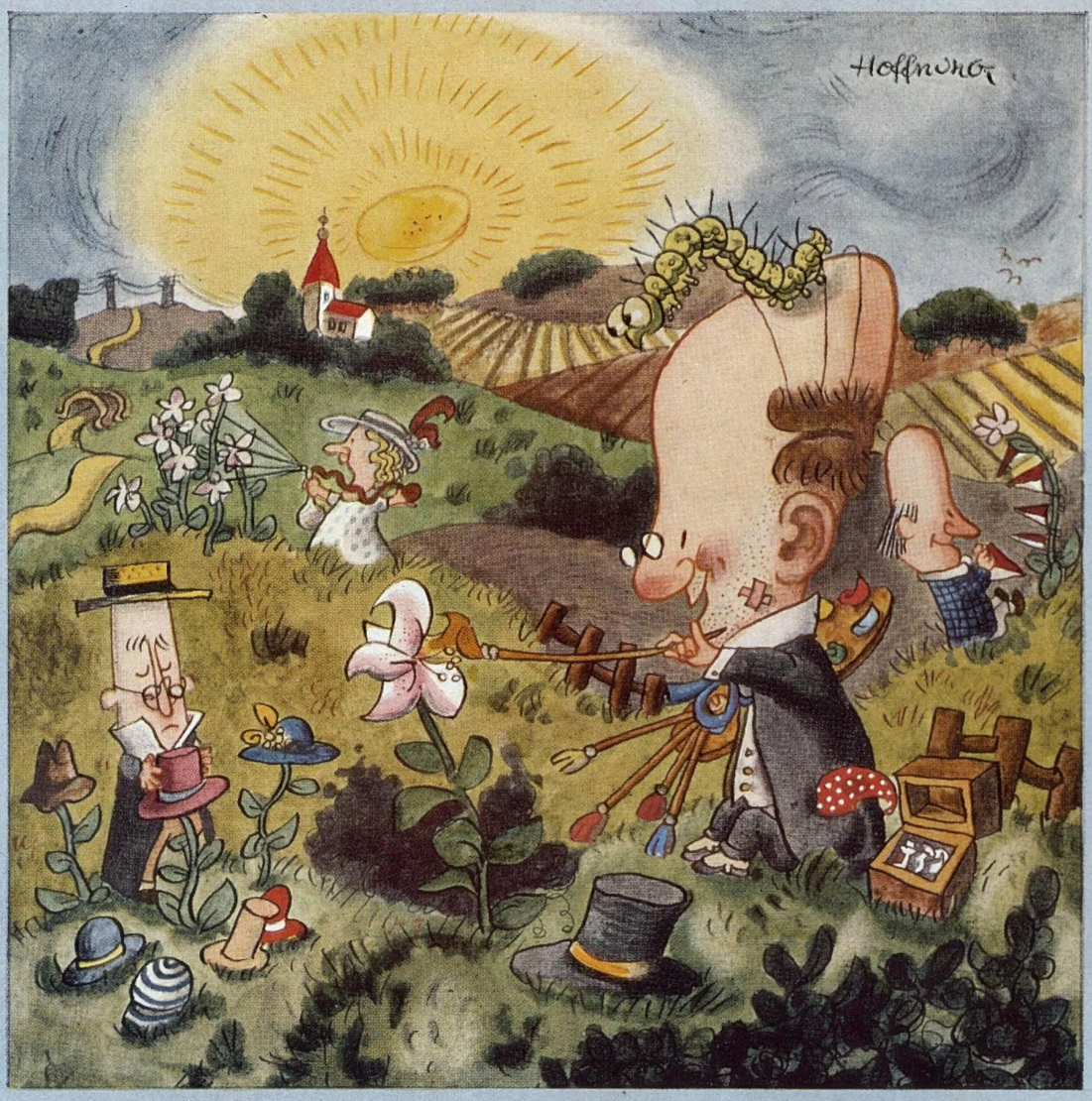

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Volume CXCIV No. 2533 The SPHERE, London, August 21, 1943

THE SPHERE
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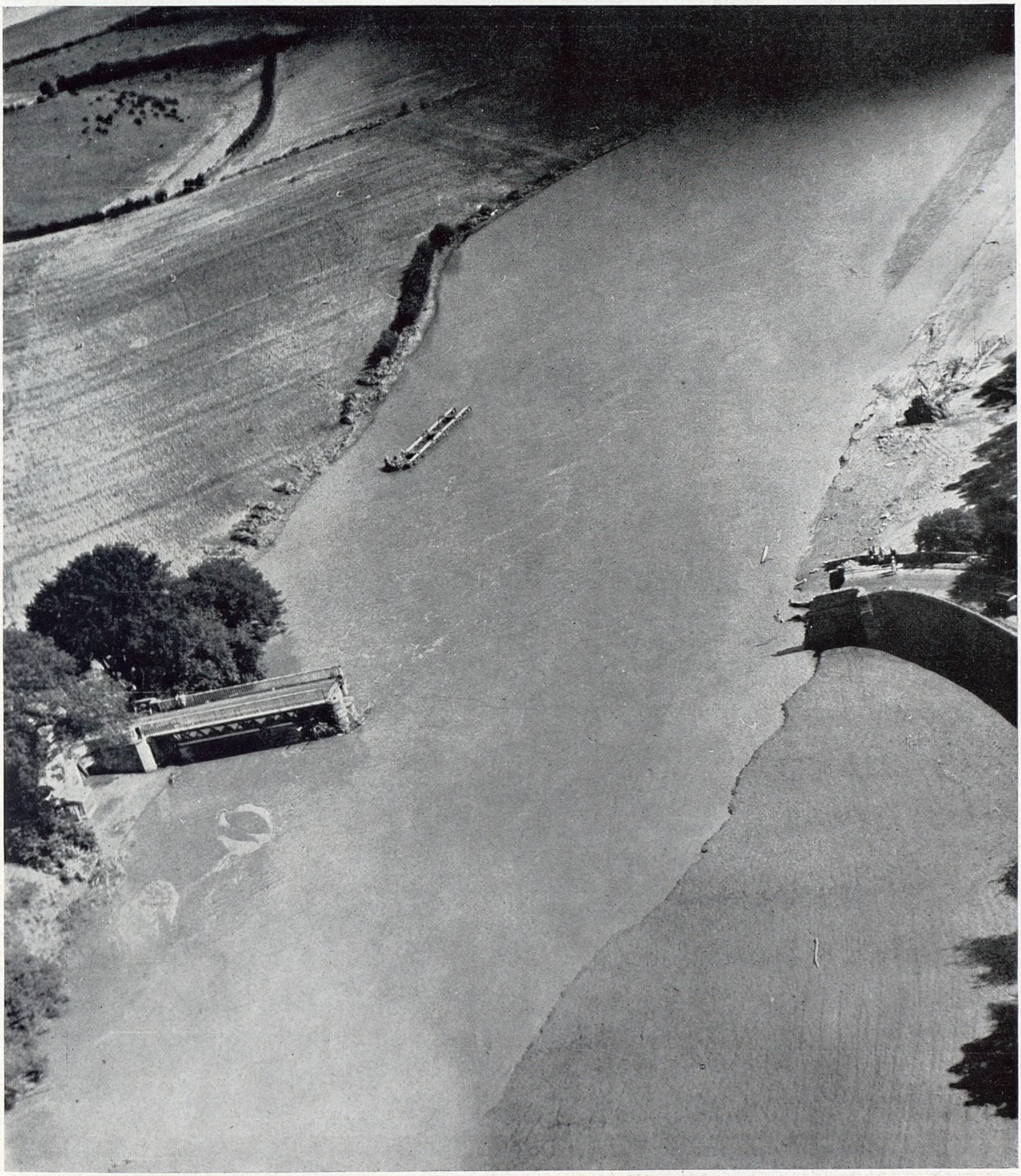


GREAT FLOOD DAMAGE IN THE NORTH-EAST—THE WRECKED ROADBRIDGE OVER THE WHITEADDER, BERWICKSHIRE, ONE OF TWENTY-ONE BRIDGES DAMAGED OR DESTROYED BY FLOODWATERS FOLLOWING TORRENTIAL RAIN : Almost unprecedented rainfall resulted in the severing of road and rail links between England and Scotland, in cattle being drowned, farmland inundated, and many people being driven from their homes by floods

The heaviest rainstorm for many years in south-east Scotland and north-east England, a storm in which more than 4 ins. of rain fell in twenty-four hours, resulted in a state of emergency throughout the area. The Whiteadder Bridge, which lies three miles from Berwick on the main Berwick-Kelso road, was swept away when a tree-trunk crashed with great force against a buttress, initially dislodging masonry. Altogether, twenty-one bridges have been damaged or destroyed, five carrying the main railway line between Berwick and Edinburgh. The flooding of farmlands has been disastrous for the grain crops, many head of livestock have been drowned, and at Eyemouth, just north of Berwick, more than 2,000 people have been threatened by the gathering floodwaters. Last Sunday prayers were offered in local churches on behalf of flood victims, and pulpit appeals were made for gifts of bedding and clothing for the homeless. (Further pictures will be found on page 227 of this issue)

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

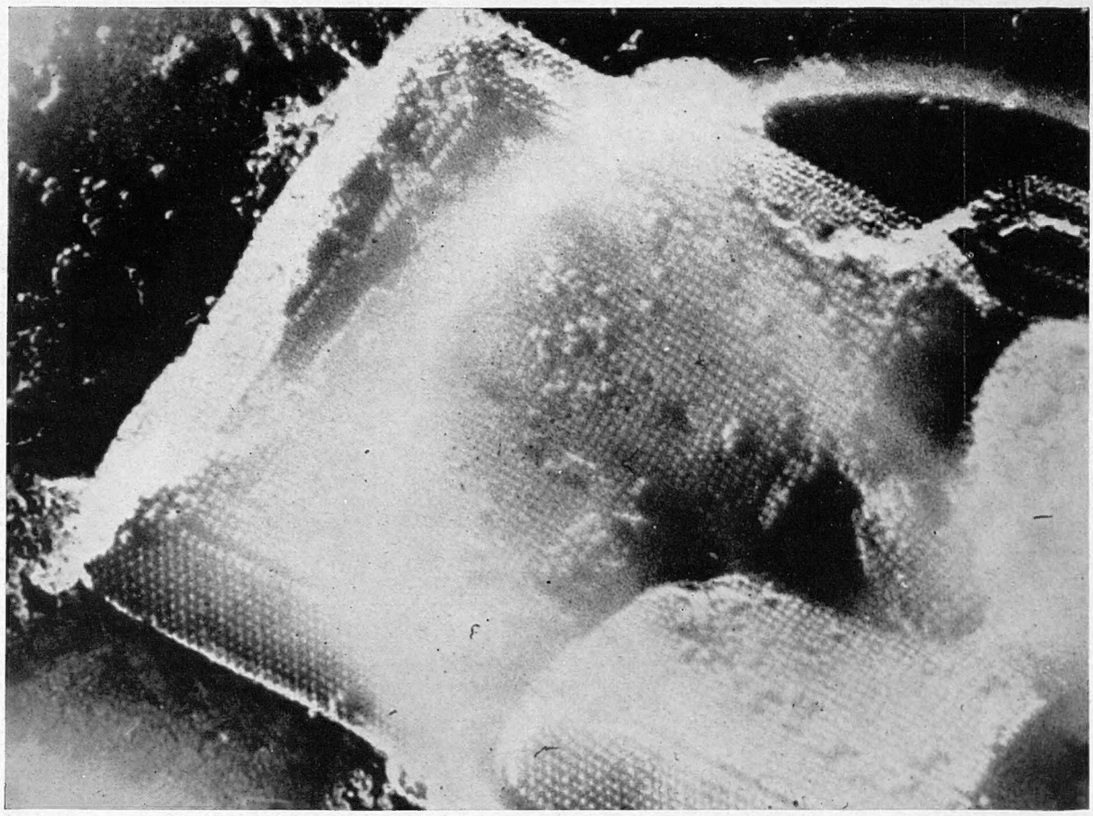
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

Out of Moscow.—Perhaps before these lines, written in the wilderness, see print, there will be news out of Moscow. It will only be good news if it tells us that the blockade is to be lifted as a preliminary to further four-power talks and that the same weapon will not be used again against us. As Mr. Marshall said: "An agreement for agreement's sake" is worse than useless. The fundamentals are not in doubt. This nasty schoolboy blackmail as a weapon must be put away. It is a terribly strong weapon in Russian hands, for it is mere bluff on our part to suppose that we can keep on through the winter this terribly expensive air-lift with any hope of satisfying the bare needs of German bellies and industry. We can't. But in the hard bargaining, we have some counters on our side. Russia must know now that nothing but military defeat will shift us from Berlin (for that would be to hand Europe over to Communism and to tear up our Western Charter). And knowing this, Russian statesmen must realise at last that she has as much to lose as the West by indefinite postponement of every outstanding settlement.

"Quis Custodiet . . .?"—I don't know how often the series of reports by the Select Committee on Estimates has achieved reforms and retrenchment in official squandermania; I am very sure they have never secured the punishment of an offender. The last report dealt with the long misuse of petrol by Government departments all through this bitter shortage. These ever-increasing hordes of civil servants, some of whom are the very people who have been cutting "duty" coupons to nonsense for the general public, have not, since the shortage was apparent, made any serious effort to control their own use of it. Each department was the sole judge of what supplies it needed, it could draw whatever it asked for unquestioned, could build up stocks. The Civil Service has never had imposed on it the 10-per-cent. cut imposed on business, magistrates, local councillors and all the rest. The most that was done by a few heads of departments was the issue of a vague "circular" suggesting the virtue of moderation. The idea that this horde of civil servants is a privileged class, above and outside all economy and belt-tightening regulations, is enough to raise the blood of the suffering taxpayer to boiling-point.

Getting Away.—A Royal Family (that is, a virtuous, dutiful Reigning Royal Family) has my respect, admiration, and sympathy. For one privilege only I would be in its shoes. That privilege seems enormous and priceless, as I sit on my suitcase struggling to close it, before the village taxi bears me away—me and mine. What weeks of labour have gone to the planning of this brief holiday. The preparations began in March with a request for reservations on the 7.20 p.m. from Euston in mid-August. They were stepped up in the summer and reached crescendo in August. These last days have made a holiday either sheer folly or absolute necessity. The house, the garden, the pets, the livestock, the car, the clean-up, the airing and the safeguarding—all these have to be arranged. The distant lodge in the Wilderness (600 miles away) must be prepared, supplied with linen and food, eggs and milk—all the *rationing* problems intensified. Letters to be forwarded, telephone calls arranged for, duties handed over. The journey up to and across London with a large party and a deal of heavy luggage, the train queues, the taxi queues, the Euston queues, the food question, then, at Aviemore, the doubts as to time of arrival, the transport at the far end. . . . Struggling with my suitcase, my problems and my anxieties, I suddenly see the lot of a reigning monarch in more golden light.



MOLECULES ON PARADE—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN AT A HARVARD UNIVERSITY CONFERENCE: This picture, made with the electron microscope, is among the first ever showing molecules, the smallest particles of matter that can exist independently, while retaining the distinctive properties of the original substance. In the photograph the molecules are arranged in an orderly way to form a crystal of tobacco necrosis virus protein. The photograph was made by Dr. R. W. G. Wyckoff, of the National Institute of Health, Bethesda, Maryland, and was shown at the International Congress of Crystallography at Harvard University, Cambridge. The molecules are spheres about 4-10,000ths of an inch in diameter. Crystals like this have been the subject of a long series of discussions among the scientists who study the arrangement of atoms in matter by means of X-rays

Our Railways.—It is a rare thing for the 7.20 from Euston to arrive up to time at Aviemore. When it does so, it throws out all local plans and arrangements, which do not budget for punctuality any longer. Having arrived up to time, I take off my hat to *our* railways. I kept my hat on my head at Euston the night before. The porters there (or some of them) could do with more supervision. They are efficient enough and good-natured. They will offer to watch your luggage while you queue up for your tickets and will see it into your compartment, which may keep them on your job for half-an-hour or more. But when you proffer a generous 5s. and they sourly demand 10s., then you remember the "bad, old days," and are not perhaps so satisfied with *your* railways. One more word of warning. If you should send a car up north by sea, see that no petrol remains in the tank at the docks. Else it will be poured out in London river. And, above all, leave not so much as a spanner in the car. Everything comes in useful to somebody in these days of loose morals and shortages. Ours was stripped of everything worth as much as a penny even down to a cleaning-rag.

"The Twelfth."—The magic words have not meant much to me (save for memories) for many years. It was pleasant, therefore, to have been once more punctual on the hill on the appointed day, and to walk, without shameful lagging, in view of the sweet Moray Firth and to kill one's quota during two delightful hours which provided interest and excitement enough for anyone who is not spoilt or greedy. I remember, of course, the great days when this very moor almost invariably produced 400 or more brace a day during the first fortnight's driving. Yet I am not sure that I did not get more continuous pleasure from this modest walk than from those long waits and frantic quarter-hours of the famous driving days But I wonder still—for the moor looks as healthy as ever—when those lost thousands of grouse will come back. Even now, there is no *convincing* explanation why ten years ago they quitted, leaving almost no trace of their existence.

Cruel Sports.—I fancy that the N.S.A.C.S. Parliamentary Bill for abolition of hunting and coursing will, when it comes to Parliament, be assured of very heavy backing. How it will be handled in the Commons, how dealt with in the Lords, I do not know. But I imagine that this Bill will be easily the greatest effort yet made to do away with hunting. The N.S.A.C.S. is an influential body and no doubt at all M.P.s of all colours have been actively canvassed pro and con the Bill. I imagine they can do a lot of lobbying. The hunting fraternity are alive to their danger. At many sporting meetings of late, a long (and rather boring) letter has been read out by the travelling loudspeaker. I confess that I think that letter could be improved and shortened, and I think it is a mistake to insist baldly that hunting the fox involves no cruelty at all. I have noticed some headshakes over that sentence among friendly audiences. What an utter puzzle, an insoluble puzzle, the whole question is! We live in an era when man's cruelty towards his fellowman has reached a new high level of horror, and no doubt it is high time for men to set an example in humanity towards the weak and the unprotected. But where to begin, where end? What is the use of abolishing hunting only to leave 10,000 "slow, wounding shots" to maim and mangle pheasants, partridges, hares and rabbits—probably without a licence? I call myself sentient and humane, and loathe to inflict physical suffering, but I constantly set traps for moles and kill many cruelly. What are we to do about that? Abandon our lawns to the little creatures? Well, why not? But we are not thereby likely to cure the hideous cruelty of animal to animal. I hate cruelty. I believe that the fox does *not* always "enjoy" the hunt, yet nothing tugs my heart's strings more sweetly than those eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century hunting scenes, and Caldecott's illustrations of old English country life. No doubt, the smile was only on the surface, the smiling landscape had in it squalor and cruelty in hidden pockets.

Hypocrisy on All Sides.—I am bogus and hypocritical and muddle-minded and contemptible, for I shed more tears for the passing of the "sweets" of English country life than for the little hunted hares. I can't defend my attitude because it is not based on logic. Nor is Lord Russell's and his N.S.A.C.S. confrères'. They have not come out into the open with a comprehensive scheme. Why not a Bill to abolish mole-traps first and stoats second? Is it that one of the motives in the N.S.A.C.S.'s campaign against hunting is a matter of £ s. d.? *Pay us and we'll hold our tongues?* A letter from the secretary suggests that that indeed is one of the reasons why fox-hunting is singled out. (I quote) "Sir,—Permit one of the anti-blood sport boys to suggest to 'The Old Stager' that if anyone with an available balance wishes to try to keep hunting going that the best way will be to make a donation to long-suffering farmers and poultrymen. For if the Hunts themselves tried compensating farmers for all the broken hedges and fences and unhinged gates, and the inconvenience caused thereby in rounding-up straying stock; for injured and aborting stock; for damaged crops; and for loss of time and money caused by fox-hunting interference; and poultrymen for time and money wasted in fox-proof fencing, nightly penning, and all the rest of it apart from very heavy losses of poultry; they would soon be broke. And because so many of these people do not get adequate compensation or no compensation at all, is one reason why they have decided that the fanatical fox-hunters must pack up." Hypocrisy, perhaps, is not all on one side. I confess my hypocrisy. The "anti-boys" do not. But they sometimes give themselves away. I am opposed to the abolition of hunting, though I do not hunt. And that being so, I wish the fox-hunting men would choose a less boring and (I fear) inept form of propaganda.

THE OLD STAGER

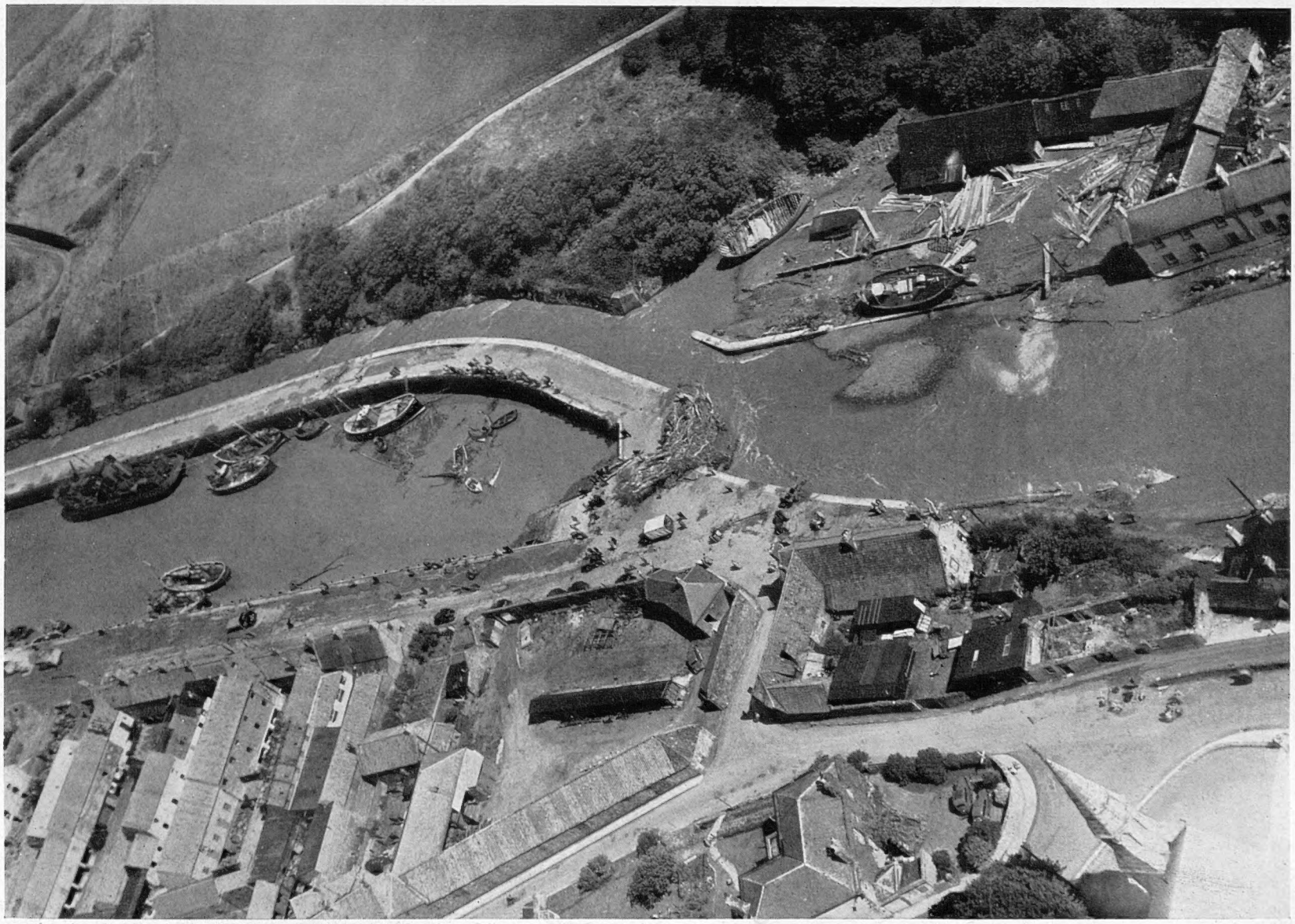
A VICTIM OF THE FLOODS : This bus was crossing Millburn Bridge, near Duns, Berwickshire, when the centre of the carriageway collapsed into the stream. Eleven people were injured, but a serious disaster was prevented through the radiator coming to rest on level ground

AN EAST COAST EXPRESS IS HELD UP AT TYNEHEAD, MIDLOTHIAN : The engine driver brought his train to a halt in front of a mass of debris which had been swept across the line by the floodwaters. Refreshments were sent from Edinburgh for 250 stranded passengers at Tynehead

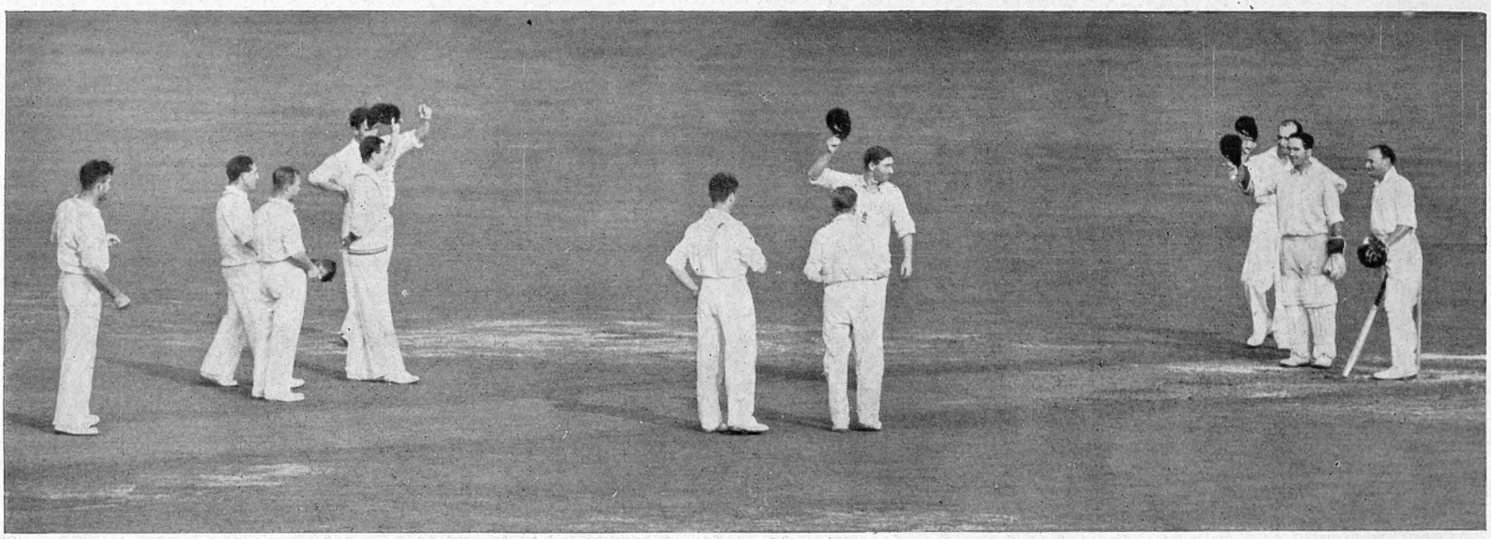
RESTON RAILWAY BRIDGE CARRIED AWAY : The main line between Edinburgh and Newcastle suspended in mid-air after the floodwaters of the River Eye had washed away the bridge. All traffic between Edinburgh and Newcastle had to come to a halt, and all trains on the East Coast route between Edinburgh and London were later diverted by way of Carlisle. Among trains affected was The Flying Scotsman, which came into Edinburgh ten hours late. Refreshment rooms at Waverley Station were kept open all night

SCOTTISH FLOOD HAVOC

The Trail of Disaster in Midlothian and Berwickshire



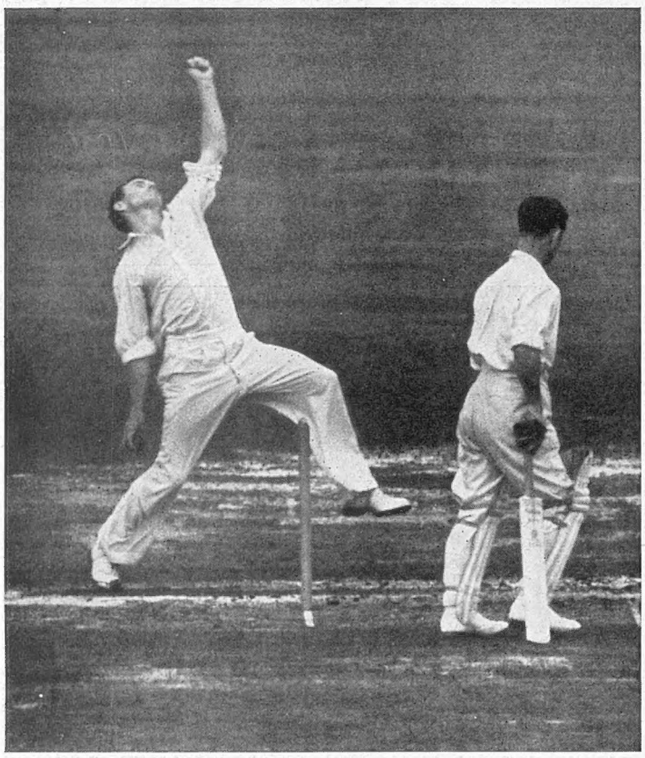
WHAT HAPPENED IN THE LITTLE COASTAL TOWN OF EYEMOUTH : An aerial view of the harbour, showing on the right, in the middle distance, two fishing-boats which were swept by the floods right over the harbour wall and came to rest in a timber yard. The swollen Eye also carried away the centre support of the railway viaduct, and several small boats in the harbour were sunk. Fallen trees were swept along the quay, tearing down railings and lamp standards and damaging houses. The inhabitants of forty houses were evacuated to a school. Floodwaters piled up menacingly behind a nearby railway embankment



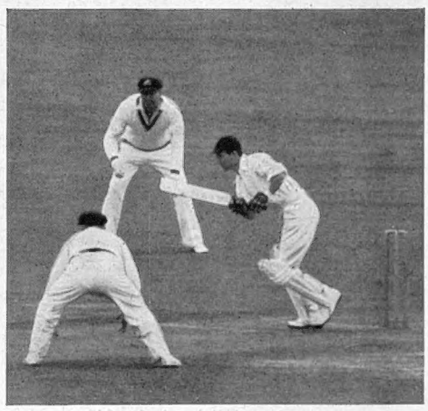
THE ENGLISH TEAM GIVE THREE ROUSING CHEERS FOR THE AUSTRALIAN CAPTAIN : Norman Yardley (centre) raises his cap as he leads the applause for Don Bradman (right) when the latter came in first wicket down in the Australian first innings in the last Test Match at the Oval. It was Bradman's final Test Match against England, and started off with a major disaster for England, our men scoring a total of 52 runs in the face of some brilliant bowling from Lindwall

ENGLAND'S LOWEST SCORE EVER

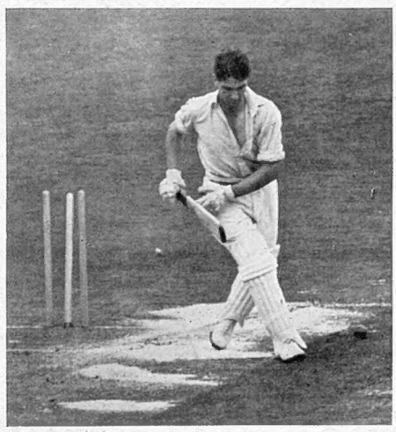
A Record of a Disastrous Day at the Oval



RAY LINDWALL ACHIEVES HIS BEST PERFORMANCE TO DATE : The Australian fast bowler in action during England's first innings. Lindwall took six wickets for twenty runs in sixteen overs. Lindwall's accuracy was phenomenal, and with Miller and Johnston acquitting themselves well from the other end, Bradman never had to think of using his spin bowler, Douglas Ring



ENGLAND'S DISASTROUS FIRST INNINGS : *Left*—Norman Yardley bowled by a Lindwall express after scoring seven runs. *Right*—Len Hutton, who once scored the world's biggest individual Test total, batting against Lindwall. He made a sterling 30 runs, and was last man out after an innings played with assurance and yet without any semblance of attack. Meanwhile at the opposite end the wickets fell like ninepins



EXIT DEWES : The newcomer to the English team defeated by Miller with only one run to his credit. The ball swung and then beat him from the pitch

BRADMAN MAKES A DUCK : The Australian captain, on his last Test appearance against England, was bowled by a googly from Hollies. In the background is Edrich

DENIS COMPTON TRIED TO SWEEP A BUMPER FROM LINDWALL TO THE LEG BOUNDARY, AND IT WENT SAFELY INTO THE HANDS OF MORRIS : This dramatic picture was taken a split second before the ball was caught and England's star batsman started his walk back to the pavilion with only four runs to his credit. Part of the Australian success was due to the persistent accuracy of the pace bowlers, but the fine catching of the Australians was another factor, and a lesson that should not be lost on our selectors. England's first innings of 52 was the lowest total ever made by England against Australia in this country

AMERICAN WAR MATERIAL REACHES BRITAIN

The Carrier "Sicily" Brings Jets to Glasgow: The "Joe E. Mann" Loads at Staten Island

THE CARRIER "SICILY" ARRIVES AT THE KING GEORGE V DOCK, GLASGOW: On the flight deck and in the hangars of this 6,700-ton escort carrier were sixty-nine Lockheed Shooting Stars, the powerful F-80's of the 36th Fighter Wing. The machines were loaded in the Panama Canal Zone, after taking part in tuning-up exercises over the Caribbean, and they constitute a formidable access of strength to the American air forces now in Europe. The "Sicily" is designed to carry only twenty-eight aircraft, but her flight and hangar decks were specially packed for the occasion. After assembly of the aircraft, it was arranged that they should be flown to Furstenfeldbruck, which will be their base in Germany, and from which they will carry out an elaborate series of training flights. Meanwhile, more Superfortresses have been arriving in Britain to swell the great bomber force already here. Last week planes of No. 96 Squadron touched down at Lakenheath airfield, Suffolk, to make up No. 2 Medium Bomber Group of the Third Air Division of Strategical Air Command, the United States Army Air Force

THE DISPATCHING END AT STAPLETON, STATEN ISLAND: Looking across the bows of the United States Army Transport "Joe E. Mann" towards the quay, where gun carriages, ambulances, command cars, water trucks, jeeps and other military transport await loading. The day before this picture was taken, the 7,600-ton "Oglethorpe Victory" had left for Europe with a full load, and with each hour more and more material was arriving at the docks for shipment

"AND ALL THE AIR A SOLEMN STILLNESS HOLDS"—THE DESERTED FREIGHT STATION IN THE AMERICAN SECTOR OF BERLIN AFTER SIX WEEKS OF RUSSIAN LAND BLOCKADE: Looking along the empty tracks where weeds are fast growing, and there is nothing to remind the beholder of the vast activity before the line closed. The metals are already thick with rust

News from Berlin

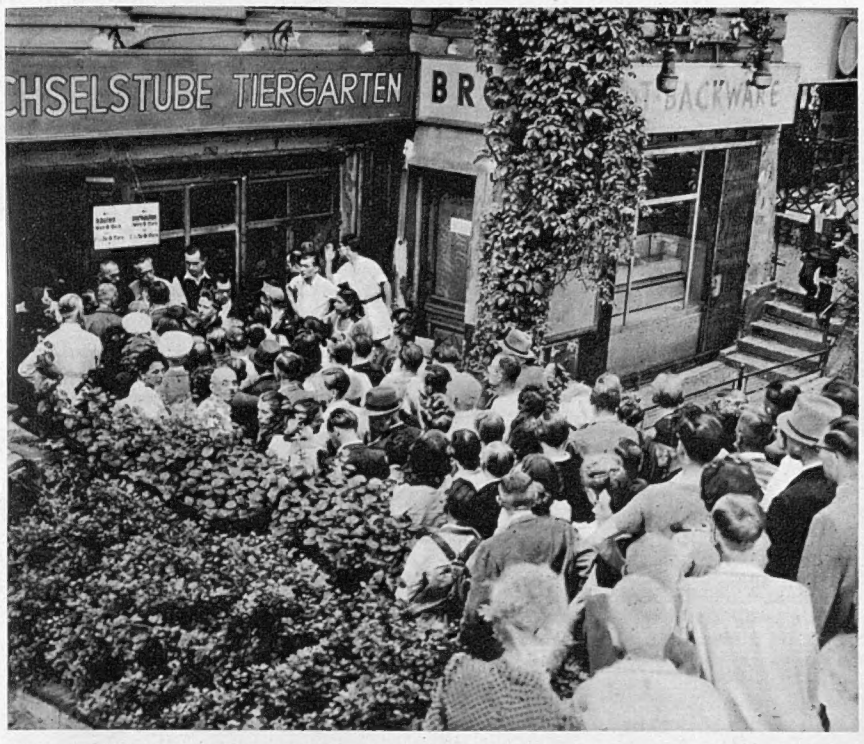
WEEDS GROW ON THE BERLIN LINE

The Deserted Freight Yards in the American Sector of the City

When the Russians closed the line through Marienborn (occasioned ostensibly by a technical hitch and the need for repairs), they caused the Western Allies to set in motion the most remarkable experiment in aerial logistics ever devised. After six weeks, while weeds grew along the railway track, the air-lift was supplying food and fuel to Berlin with clockwork precision. This assurance of supplies for Western Berlin has won the gratitude and admiration of the average Berliner, but the Russians have not lost hope that they could make the blockade effective, and their disruptive efforts have been turned with malicious genius upon the distribution services in the city. At the same time, both the Western Allies and the Russians have sought by every means in their power to win the battle of the mark, the Berliner being offered every sort of inducement to favour one currency rather than the other.

How long the air-lift will continue is beyond all computation at the time of writing, but there is a long-term programme involving the construction of a new airfield in the French sector of the city and additions to the Tempelhof airfield in the American sector.

IT'S AN ILL WIND: A German railway worker cashes in on the situation by gathering edible weeds between the tracks in the deserted freight station in the United States sector. When this picture was taken it was over six weeks since the local inhabitants had heard the whistle of a railway engine or the familiar noises associated with a shunting yard



EAST MARKS INTO WEST MARKS : A big crowd stands before one of the exchange offices now opened in the British sector of Berlin for the exchange of Eastern for Western Deutsche marks, and vice-versa. Three such offices have been opened in an attempt to suppress black-market currency transactions. The rate of exchange varies with supply and demand. On the blackboard by the entrance to the office in the picture the current rate of exchange is notified. Last week the highly regarded French licensed newspaper in Berlin, the "Kurier," published an article on the financial situation under the headline "Make an end of this foolery." It declared that the present position was not the work of financial experts clinging to inapplicable theories, but of "politicians who are engaged in active warfare"

WOOING THE BERLINER : A perfume kiosk erected at the entrance to the trade and industry exhibition in the Steglitz Park, in the American sector of the city. Simultaneously, a similar trade exhibition opened in the Russian sector and, although both had been planned sometime before, it was obvious that special attractions were being offered the Berliners in the hope that it would encourage them to trade in one or other of the rival currencies. Both in matters of food and clothing, attractions have also been offered, and the Russians have raised the food ration to a level above that which can at present be provided through the air-lift

BUILDING A NEW AIRFIELD IN WESTERN BERLIN—A UNITED STATES ARMY BULLDOZER ENGAGED IN LEVELLING OPERATIONS ON AN OPEN SPACE IN THE FRENCH SECTOR OF THE CITY : Already 3,000 men are at work daily on this former shooting range, and before the winter it will be ready to handle a large number of aircraft in the event of the air-lift still being a necessity. More than 1,000 Germans have begun to repair the only road to the area. Two parallel runways are planned, each about one mile long. The Americans are also enlarging Tempelhof, providing it with an additional runway made up of steel sheets

TOWARDS A UNITED IRELAND?

A Political Dream and the Possibilities of It Coming True

BY CHARLES GRAVES

THE continued presence of Mr. Attlee in County Mayo has given rise to a whole crop of rumours, particularly as, since the defeat of De Valera's party at the last election in Eire, there have been a number of attempts by the spokesmen of the Costello Government to make the campaign for a United Ireland less aggressive and more ingratiating. Only the other day, Mr. Costello argued in the Dail that the "interests of Great Britain, the United States and Western Europe, and the interests of maintaining Christian principles demand that there should be a United Ireland to face the menacing situation which might develop in the next few years," while in Paris Mr. MacBride, the Eire Minister for External Affairs, stated that there could be no question of Eire joining the Western Union while the country was partitioned.

There is no doubt that the exit of De Valera, and the death of his bitter enemy, Lord Craigavon, makes a United Ireland more likely than in the past. At the same time, this dream of the Twenty-six Counties to incorporate the Six Counties is very far from materialising. The majority of the population of Northern Ireland would never agree to unite with the South unless Ireland, as a whole, came back into the United Kingdom, or at least became a member of the Commonwealth. To begin with, the people of Ulster have a great deal to lose if they link up with Eire. The social services are much higher in Northern Ireland and wages are much greater. An agricultural labourer, for example, receives not less than £4 15s. a week; in the south no agricultural labourer gets more than £3 10s. a week, and in many areas much less. Unemployment relief in the South is infinitely less than in the North; but it must be admitted that the lack of purchase tax in the South makes a great difference. On the whole, however, and entirely apart from any question of loyalty, the men of Northern Ireland would lose a great deal by union with the South. Against that, there must be several industries in the Twenty-six Counties, particularly engineering and textiles, which would suffer considerably from competition with the North should the border disappear.

The border itself provides a livelihood for hundreds, if not thousands, of people. During May I motored along most of the smuggling roads between Ballyshannon and Dundalk. During this adventure I learnt a great deal about smuggling, particularly turkeys and cattle, not to mention cigarettes and spirits. The cattle are smuggled out from the North to the South because, ironically enough, cattle are more expensive in the South; cigarettes, spirits and poultry are smuggled to the North. I spoke to two or three Customs men and Irish police officers, all of whom said that it was practically impossible to catch more than a very small percentage of the smugglers. Nevertheless, the local newspapers are full every day of police-court cases in which heavy fines are imposed, but without any deterrent effect.

Recently, men of the Palestine Police have been helping the constabulary on the frontier, but a border which has no proper geographical demarcation could never be properly guarded.

Altogether there are 1,250,000 people in Ulster, 500,000 of whom live in Belfast, as compared with 2,750,000 people living in Eire, of whom 500,000 live in Dublin. Although only 3 or 4 per cent. living in the South are Protestant, at least one-third of the inhabitants of Ulster are Roman Catholics. Many people think that if religion were kept out of the politics, a United Ireland would be quite easy to create. Mr. H. M. S. Catherwood, one of Mr. Costello's closest friends, was saying to me the other day, "The young generation do not care any more where King Billy crossed the border, and if religion could be divorced from politics, we should have a United Ireland in a very short time." It is not only religion, however, which makes the difference on both sides of the border. The men of the North unquestionably work much harder and are more expert farmers. You can see that immediately you cross the frontier. Fields are better tilled, hedges are neater, farmhouses are cleaner. The Northern Ireland Minister of Agriculture is said to be the best in the British Commonwealth of Nations. He is a Presbyterian Minister, the Rev. Robert Moore, who has been released by his church to do this job. Many Ulstermen think that farmers in the South do not get more than a third of what they could get out of their farms. Agricultural machinery is certainly scarce in the South, and farm workers are not particularly energetic. Many of their methods of farming are thought to be antediluvian by experts. Not only that, Southern Ireland is under-populated. How this can be when the average family in the South is seven or eight remains a mystery, unless the prevalence of T.B. supplies the answer. Even allowing for the comparatively large number of Irishmen who leave for England each year, emigration alone cannot account for the continued smallness of the population, in spite of the relatively huge birth-rate.

Statistics are always misleading, of course, but I had no idea until very recently that Ulster claims to have enrolled 33,000 volunteers in the British Army in World War II, compared with only 28,000 volunteers from the South. And yet, when you look at the figures, it would have been impossible for the men of the Twenty-six Counties to have volunteered to the tune of 150,000, as has so often been suggested. According to the South's own showing, their local defence forces rose to 100,000 during the war, and a population of 2,750,000 men, women and children could not possibly have stood the drain of another 100,000 fit men crossing the Channel. In the meantime, the Government of the South has jockeyed itself into a clever position. Having originally called the South the Irish Free State, it changed its name to Eire; now it prefers to call the country Ireland, compelling Ulster to become Northern Ireland.

But does a really clever man like Mr. Costello believe that he can persuade the men of the North to join the South and form an independent republic? I very much doubt it. It is much more likely to be a purely political manœuvre. Since the De Valera Government was defeated, De Valera has been on a world tour, in the course of which he has been preaching a crusade against partition in virulent terms. The present Government has a very slender majority, and it is essential for Mr. Costello to advocate a similar state of affairs in order not to lose popularity with those in the South who have a passionate desire to control the whole country.

In the United States, and particularly in Boston, which has a strong Irish contingent, Mr. De Valera made a number of astonishing statements. He continually referred to Ulster as "the British-occupied part of the country," and added, "that position is being subsidised by Britain and upheld by force of British arms. What would you Americans think if an outside Power attacked and divided your people?" This claim is strictly untrue. Ulster is not being maintained by subsidies from Great Britain, or upheld by the force of British arms. Ulster is, in fact, the only solvent part of Great Britain and pays £20,000,000 a year into the British Treasury.

Elsewhere in the United States, Mr. De Valera said, "Good relations can be established between Eire and Britain if Britain ends partition aggression, oppression and interference with our rights." Actually, what he calls partition was brought about by the politicians who carried on vehement agitation before the Government of Ireland Act of 1920, calling for the separation of all Ireland from Great Britain. Ulster Unionists have always refused to identify themselves with the Separatists, who have repudiated allegiance to the Crown, banished the British flag and pledged themselves to the creation of an all-Ireland Gaelic-speaking republic.

At San Francisco, Mr. De Valera said: "The partition question is not political or religious. It is a question of coercion. The British must cease to divide what is really one. We want to play our part in helping the world, but we cannot do so until Ireland is united." To that, Sir Basil Brooke, the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, replies that if every nation refrained from playing its part in world affairs until all its own grievances, real or imaginary, were redressed, each would retire into its own shell and sulk there.

In New York, De Valera, asked whether Eire would remain neutral in the event of a third world war, declined to give a definite answer.

He also pointed out that the United States did not enter the war until they were attacked, but "we would have gone to war if we had been attacked." In fact, the Germans did drop bombs in the suburbs of Dublin and killed quite a few people. On different occasions, De Valera has given different reasons for Eire's abstention from the recent war. In Detroit he claimed that the real reason for this was that "our territory was still occupied by the British."

It is often suggested that if a vote were taken in the Six Counties, the majority of the electorate would favour a United Ireland. In actual fact, the most recent by-election—in County Armagh, which is on the border—proves that this is not the case.

Mr. De Valera is by no means the only advocate of anti-partition in the United States. Mr. Joseph Scott, President of the American League for Undivided Ireland, appeared before the United States House of Representatives Foreign Affairs Committee last month and made the following statement: "In supporting the puppet Government in Northern Ireland, Britain has disqualified itself from participation in the Marshall Plan. Northern Ireland is a police state, whole and entire. It would be grossly improper to send money over there to continue an undemocratic form of government in a little section of the land. Not one cent should be given to the British Government unless there is an understanding that it will not subsidise a separate government in a country which wants to be united. It is beyond dispute that England is financing the partition of Ireland with American money." No comment, I think, is required.

If one takes a broad view of the whole situation, it would certainly appear that quite apart from loyalty to the Crown it would not pay Northern Ireland to link up with the South. Quite apart, too, from the difference in the social services, it is highly improbable that the British Board of Trade would allow the shipbuilding, engineering and textile industries of Northern Ireland to have all the coal and steel so essential to them if Northern Ireland should become part of an independent republic and abandoned the British Commonwealth of Nations.

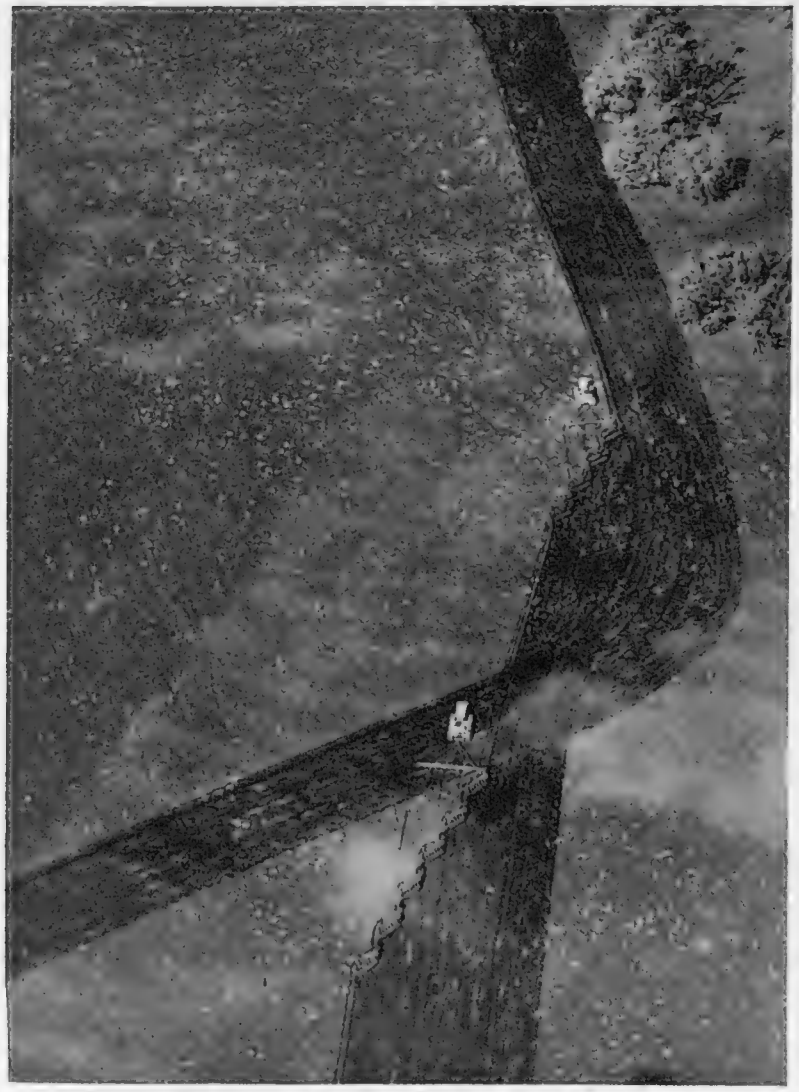
ENVOY FROM PERON—DON JOSE FAUSTO RIEFFOLA BESSONG, ARGENTINE MINISTER TO EIRE, INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR ON ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN: The new Minister had just presented his credentials to Mr. John Costello, the Prime Minister of Eire, at Iveagh House

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT PEAK RANGE : An aerial view of the vast ploughed area of 14,000 acres in East Central Queensland, where the Queensland-British Food Corporation is now embarking on a mighty experiment in food production. The crop is to be sorghum, and the grain will be used for pig raising in order to bring about an increase in bacon exports to England

THE PEAK DOWNS VENTURE

An Anglo-Australian Enterprise in Food Production in the Heart of Queensland

These are busy days in East Central Queensland, and only a few miles to the south of Blair Atholl, where vast quantities of open-cast coal are to be brought to the service of Britain, are the Peak Downs, where an agricultural experiment, of equal magnitude, is now under way. An organisation known as the Queensland-British Food Corporation has embarked on a programme for ploughing 300,000 acres of the fertile black Queensland soil and bringing it under cultivation with crops of sorghum. Until the Corporation acquires and establishes its own piggeries, most of the sorghum will be used for seed in order to plant yet more acres, but some will be exported to Britain as pig food. This great ploughing venture is being carried out by nine men—six tractor operators, one mechanic, one greaser and a supervisor. Work goes on all round the clock, the men operating the combine ploughs in two ten-hour shifts. The remaining four hours of the twenty-four are devoted to mechanical maintenance work. The British and Queensland Governments are helping to share the cost of this imaginative scheme, and it is hoped that the first exports of sorghum to Britain will start in April, or May, 1949



CUTTING A SWATHE THROUGH THE FERTILE BLACK SOIL OF THE PEAK DOWNS TO MAKE POSSIBLE THE CULTIVATION OF A VAST FOOD BOWL FOR BRITAIN : *Left*—An aerial view showing tractors with multiple ploughs working in echelon. *Right*—A close-up of one of the ploughing combinations which opens 42 ft. of ground at a time. The land has never before been cultivated. It is said to be ideally suited for raising sorghum. The ploughing schedule has been 300 acres per day

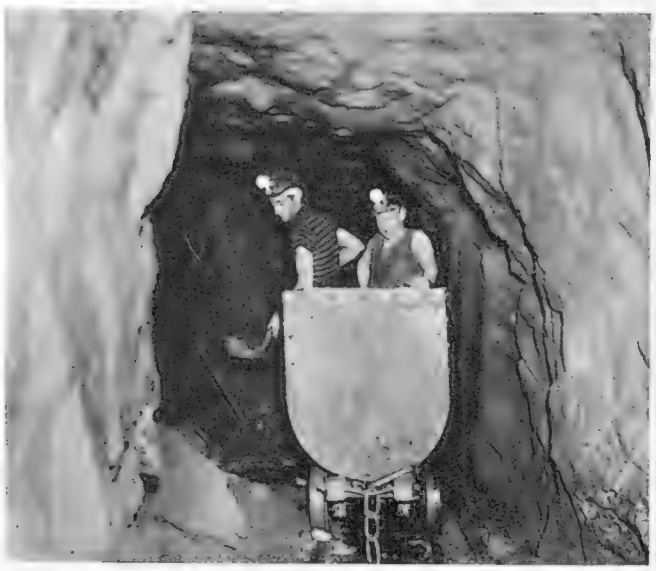
THE MAIN SHAFT OF THE GEEVOR MINE, PENDEEN, ST. JUST: The winding gear used for the conveyance of the tin ore. The Cornish mining area is very much in the news at the moment, as a result of an elaborate report submitted to the Minister of Fuel by the Cornish Mining Development Association. The view is taken by mining men that Cornwall could be a veritable Eldorado. "Millions of pounds lie under our feet," declare members of the Development Association

IN THE CORNISH ELDORADO

Work at the Geevor Mine, St. Just, where Rich Tin Deposits are Obtained by Drilling and Blasting

A modern battleship would cost anything from £5,000,000 to £8,000,000. For the cost of one of these battlewagons, declares the Cornish Mining Development Association, Cornwall could within five years become one of the richest mining areas in the world, a veritable Eldorado. In a ribbon-bound typescript memorandum, just submitted to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, the Association tells the Government something about the millions of pounds' worth of precious metals that lie beneath the Duchy. The report emphasises that, if modern mining methods were applied, well-paid work could be provided for another 20,000 men, and many millions of pounds yearly would be added to the nation's mineral resources. Copper, lead, tin, zinc, antimony and arsenic are all known to exist in vast quantities in Cornwall, and it would seem that they are now on the verge of development on a scale hitherto not contemplated. These pictures taken at the Geevor Mine give some idea of the present scope of the Cornish mining activity

WEIGHING TIN CONCENTRATE: A labourer in the surface workings at the Geevor Mine, St. Just, handling the concentrate, consisting of 70 per cent. pure tin, before sending it on to be smelted and to produce the pure white metal. Chemical reagents are also used in the process of tin production in order to separate tin oxide from other minerals



BELOW AND ABOVE GROUND AT ST. JUST: *Left*—**Cornish miners loading the broken ore at a development point in the Geevor Mine, and (*right*) the 70-ft. settling tank which takes the overflow from the 35-ft. tank, and plays a major part in the reduction of the ore to its mineral constituents.**

URANIUM BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

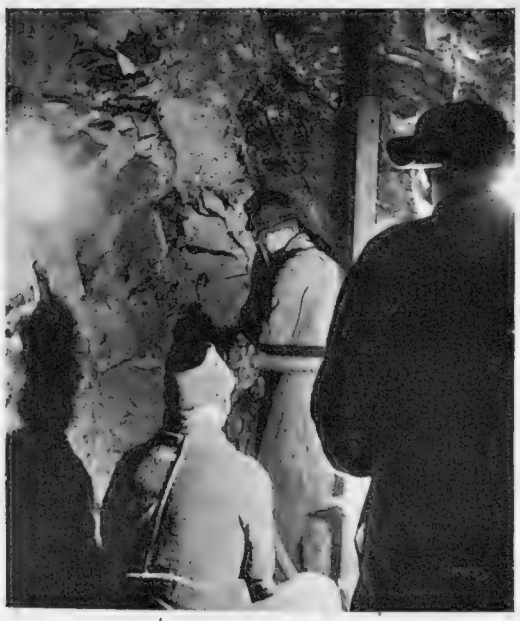
Extracting the Ore in the Erz Mountains

In the past, there were valuable silver mines in the Erzgebirge, the mountain range which forms the border between Saxony and Czechoslovakia. Joachimsthal, on the Czech side, gave its name to the coin Joachimsthaler, from which came thaler and dollar. To-day, the silver is forgotten, its place taken by uranium ore, raw material of atomic energy. The area is part of the Russian zone of Germany and it has been carefully sealed from the outside world. Occasionally one of the conscripted workers manages to escape, to tell of the primitive conditions prevailing in the mines, and of the terrible loss of life involved. The worker has certain privileges, such as additional allotments of meat, bread, fats and cigarettes but, if he falls ill (as frequently happens), he is immediately reduced to normal rations. It has been observed that anyone working for a period of years in the mines becomes incurably ill. This is caused mainly by radio-active elements such as radium, uranium and tanium, which fall apart slowly and destroy every atom with which they come into contact. Before the war, the rare uranium ore, which occurs in narrow, generally vertical veins between mica slate, was mined for the purpose of extracting radium for medical use. Oberschlema, once one of the most effective radium Spas in the world, has now become the centre of the search for uranium

THE PLANT WHERE URANIUM IS MINED IN THE ERZGEBIRGE: A view of the radium bath at Joachimsthal. Workers from all trades have been forcibly conscripted from the Eastern Zone of Germany, to mine uranium ore, one of the raw products used in the manufacture of atomic energy

TESTING FOR RADIO-ACTIVITY: A highly sensitive electroscope is being used to make sure that a worker is quite safe before he leaves the laboratory

PACKING A GLASS TUBE OF RADIUM CHLORIDE: The girl wears gloves made of tin, an efficient protective material against radio-active rays. The tubes are also packed in tin boxes



500 METRES BELOW GROUND: Uranium mineral has been found in small quantities. Right of the centre miner's head is a passage of dolonite from which the mineral is extracted

POURING 5 MG. OF RADIUM CHLORIDE INTO A GLASS TUBE: Note the small platinum wire in the scientist's right hand to absorb the ever-present electric current and that he wears a protective breastplate of thick leather and tin. Other workers wear special gas masks as protection against radio-emanation

IN THE URANIUM SEPARATION ROOM: The apparatus is primitive. The ventilation-tubes over the head of each worker are there to carry away the radium-emanations, which are highly dangerous to the human body. The stones, which here contain 50 per cent. uranium matter, are separated and broken up to the smallest particle

A Pictorial News Survey

NEAR EAST, MIDDLE EAST, AND FAR EAST

PALESTINE—THE EMERGENCE OF A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE: Menachin Beigin, Chief of the Irgun Zvai Leumi, most active of the Jewish underground forces during the struggle with Britain, seen as he made his first official public appearance in Jerusalem. For a long while he had a heavy price upon his head

PALESTINE—A GATHERING AT THE TEL AVIV HOTEL, JERUSALEM, TO MEET THE IRGUN LEADER: Members of the Jewish community greeting Menachin Beigin at the reception held in honour of his emergence

INDIA—THE UNITED NATIONS KASHMIR COMMISSION MEETS THE INDIAN REPRESENTATIVES IN NEW DELHI: A session in progress at Faridkot House, where evidence was heard regarding the little war in progress between the two Dominions. Left to right are: Dr. Ricardo Siri (Argentine), M. Egbert Graeffe (Belgium), the Chairman of the Commission, Dr. Alfredo Lozano (Colombia), Dr. Joseph Korbel (Czechoslovakia), Mr. J. Klahr Huddle (United States of America), Mr. M. K. Vellodi (India), Sir Girja Shanjar Bajpai (India), and Mr. Erik Colban (personal representative of Mr. Trygve Lie, Secretary-General of the United Nations). The Commission has also met the representatives of Pakistan, and from their spokesman has heard the admission that the Pakistan Army is officially admitted to be fighting against the Indian Army in Kashmir

PALESTINE—MENACHIN BEIGIN KISSES THE IRGUN FLAG: The chief of the movement takes part in the ceremony of handing over new colours to the Jerusalem Commander at a big parade held in the city and attended by many members of the force, some of them lately returned from detention camps in Kenya. Although Irgun Svai Leumi is now a part of the Israeli forces, it still maintains its separate identity and its unit formations. On the other hand, the extremist Stern Gang has been broken up

INDIA—MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS KASHMIR COMMISSION HONOUR THE MEMORY OF MAHATMA GANDHI: M. Egbert Graeffe, of Belgium, the Chairman of the United Nations Kashmir Commission, is seen (right centre) as he spread a handful of jasmine blossom on the concrete platform where the body of the Hindu leader was burned in New Delhi. Behind M. Graeffe are standing the other members of the Commission who came to honour the man who made such a vital contribution to Indian peace. To-day that momentary peace has been shattered by the Kashmir dispute, or "little war"

INDIA—THE HYDERABAD CONTROVERSY TAKES A MORE POSITIVE FORM: Morarji Desai, Minister for Home Affairs in the Province of Bombay, looking through field-glasses into the State of Hyderabad from the neighbourhood of Nanaj village, which has fallen into the hands of Indian forces. The dispute between Hyderabad and India, with implications just as serious as the India-Pakistan dispute, seems at the time of writing to be entering upon a new and dangerous phase. Speaking in the Indian Parliament recently, Sardar Patel said that an independent Hyderabad, pursuing its own policies, would be a standing threat to the progress of India

MALAYA—COMMUNIST PRISONERS ARE TAKEN TO GAOL AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THEIR FORCES AT BATU ARANG : With hands manacled and with Malayan guards watching over them, the insurgents are brought into custody after a combined police and military assault in which twenty-four of the insurgents were killed. Forty-seven were taken prisoner. It was after this that Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, the Commissioner-General for Malaya, came to the microphone in Singapore to broadcast to the Malayan people, telling them that the Communist attempt to seize the State had failed. Mr. Macdonald told in detail of the plans for fomenting rebellion, starting in April with the provocation of labour unrest, and continuing in May and June with passionate political demonstrations. Large British forces are now co-operating in the Malayan campaign, and Beaufighters and other planes are being used in reducing Communist areas

HONG KONG—THE DEPARTURE FOR THE MALAYAN FRONT OF THE 1st BATTALION THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS : The colour party arrives by lorry at the quayside before going aboard the troopship "Lancashire," which took the battalion to Singapore. The unit, which has lately completed intensive training in the New Territories of Hong Kong, was expected to go into action immediately upon its arrival in Malaya

MALAYA—THE COMMISSIONER-GENERAL AND MRS. MACDONALD AT A MEETING OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA : This was the Council's first meeting since the new Constitution came into being this year. Standing between Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald is Captain H. L. Mardon, of the Seaforth Highlanders, Aide-de-Camp to the Commissioner-General. On the left is Inche Puteh Maria Binti Ibrahim Rashid, the only Malayan woman member of the Council

INDIA—THE INDIAN DOMINION INVADES THE PRINCELY STATE OF HYDERABAD : Moraji Desai (clad in white), Minister for Home Affairs in the Bombay Government, with Brigadier Bhatia (left) at Nanaj, the first Hyderabad village to be captured

PALESTINE—THREE BRITISH SOLDIERS CAPTURED BY ISRAEL'S ARMY WHEN OVERRUNNING ARAB POSITIONS : They are (right to left) Corporal Samuel Franks, of Rounds Green, Oldbury, near Birmingham ; Private Joe Simpson, of Perth, Scotland ; and Private Raymond Higgs, of Aston, Birmingham. Franks and Higgs, both formerly of the 2nd Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, said they were "captured" by Arabs in Jerusalem on April 18. They said they were taken into the Old City, and Arabs tried to persuade them to join forces with them. Simpson, formerly of the King's Own Scottish Borderers Regiment, said he was accidentally shot in an Arab skirmish at Lydda, while on leave from Sarafand. He was taken to Lydda Hospital where he was found by Jews who captured the town

OPERA IN THE BATHS OF CARACALLA

The Sixth Outdoor Season of the Rome Opera House Company

A few weeks ago in London, an announcement was made to the effect that the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden would be taken over by the State. In Italy, the Government has already taken measures for the extension of opera, by backing the Rome Opera House Company in its sixth outdoor season, given amid the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. At each performance the Government stand to lose 1,500,000 lire, and the current season is to continue until the end of this month. It was in 1938 that the Opera Company moved out into the open for their first Summer Season, but owing to the war were forced to abandon the enterprise until 1945, when in that and the following year, Allied servicemen formed about 60 per cent. of the outdoor audiences. The Baths of Caracalla were begun in 212 A.D. by the Emperor Caracalla, and completed by Severus Alexander (222-235 A.D.). Of several public baths constructed by the Emperors, these are the best preserved. Here 1,600 bathers were accommodated at one time. People also came to rest, read or walk in the beautiful gardens. The Baths contained great halls providing water at different grades of temperature. Now, between two huge pillars at the centre of the Baths, an immense stage has been built. In operas requiring big masses of people, such as Giuseppe Verdi's "Aida," Giacomo Puccini's "Turandot," or Arrigo Boito's "Mephistopheles," 1,000 extras can easily be accommodated on the gigantic stage, as well as horses, camels and elephants from Rome's Zoo. Nine thousand seats, divided into three sections, comprise the auditorium.

OUTDOOR OPERA IN PROGRESS: Verdi's "The Masked Ball," performed in the Baths of Caracalla. The outdoor opera started in summer 1938, but owing to the war was abandoned until 1945

THE "HOUSE" FROM BACK STAGE: Nine thousand seats comprise the auditorium in the Baths of Caracalla. In 1945 and 1946, Allied soldiers formed about 60 per cent. of the audiences. The immense stage has been built between two huge pillars in the centre of the baths and about 1,000 extras can be easily accommodated for crowd scenes

TITO GOBBI, Baritone, is one of the principal singers in "The Masked Ball." Later this year he will sing over in California

FRANCA SACCHI, Soprano, who has sung in England and France, will later sing in Nice after the present outdoor season

GIANNI POGGI, Tenor, who also sings a principal role in "The Masked Ball." The outdoor company is the same that performs in the Rome Opera House in winter

A Camera at the XIVth Olympiad

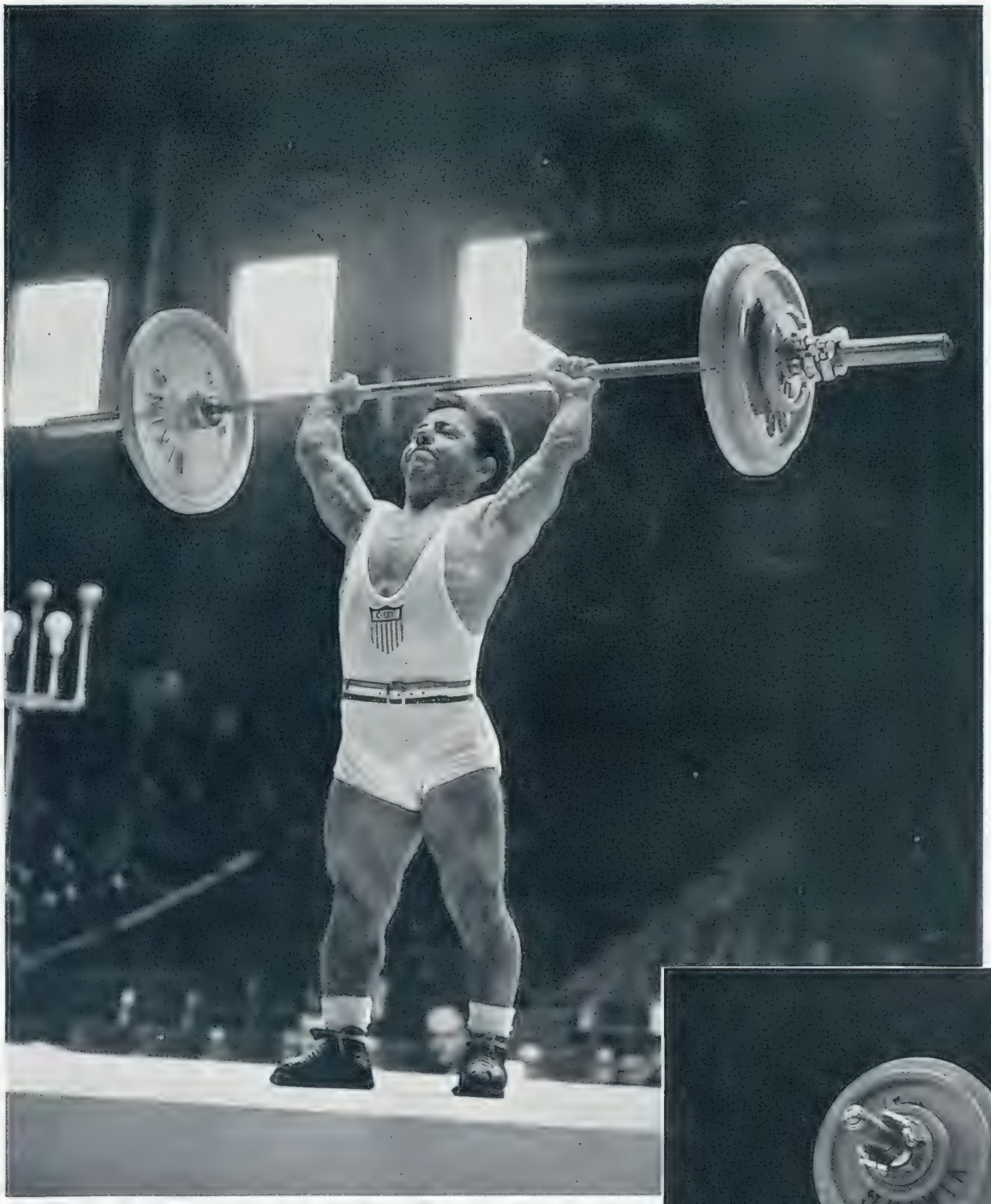
OLYMPIC BRAWN

The Weight-lifters and the Wrestlers in Action

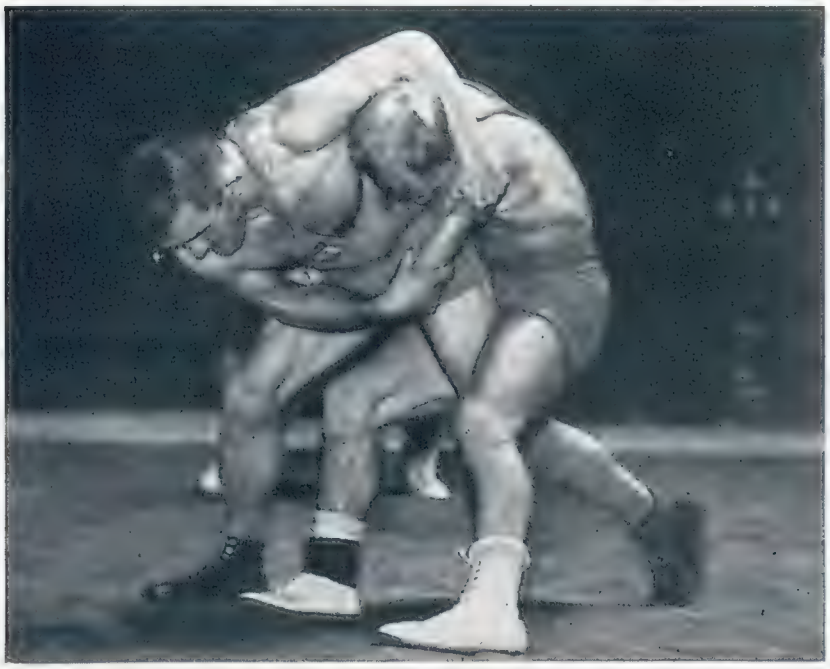
Greek mythology tells how Milo of Croton, the original weight-lifter, carried calves until he was strong enough to carry a fully-grown bull. The same basic principle of progressive exercise has produced world's champion strong men from the time of the earliest recorded Olympic Games. But modern weight-lifting is no longer the prerogative of the muscular giant. The tempo of the sport has been so speeded that the present-day champion must not only have super-strength, but must couple with it a high degree of suppleness and agility.

In the post-war period, weight-lifting as an international sport has received a tremendous impetus. More than twenty nations, and something like two hundred national champions were matching their skill and strength at the London Olympic Games.

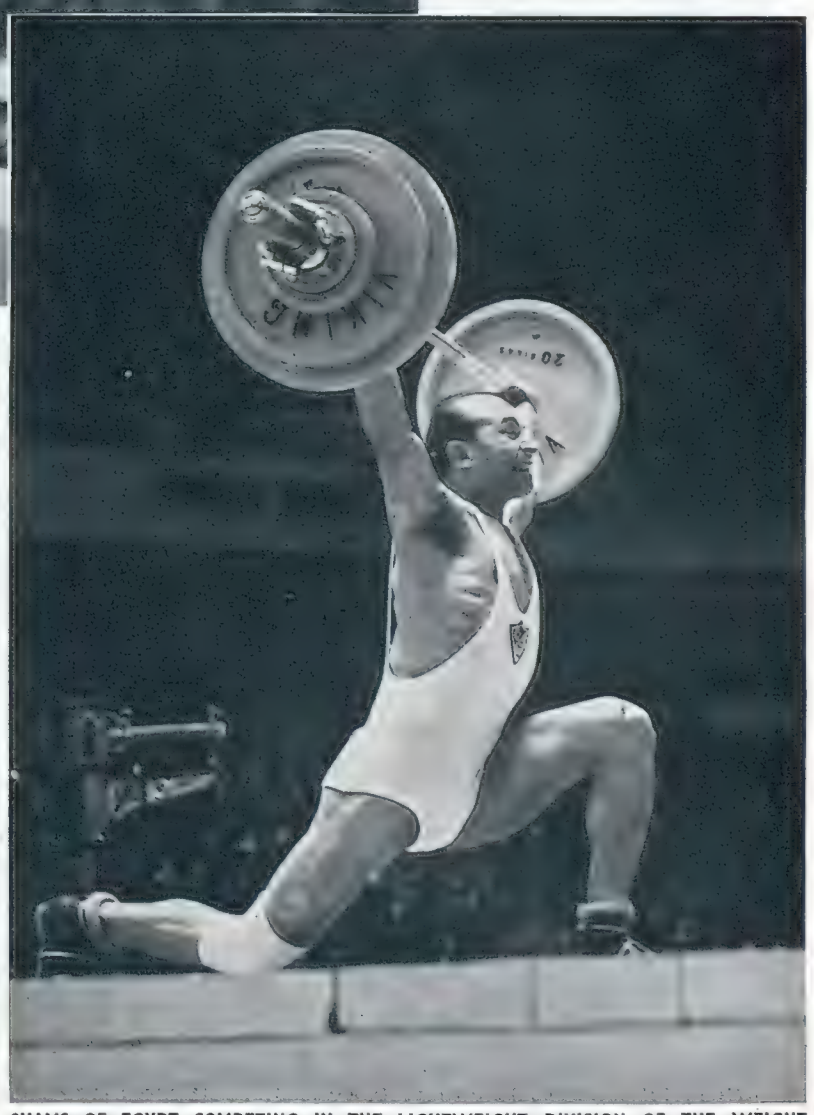
There were six tournaments for the 1948 Olympiad, at bodyweights standardised throughout the world: bantamweight, featherweight, lightweight, middleweight, light-heavyweight and heavyweight; and the contest was decided upon the highest total of three movements (known as "lifts"). Each contestant has three attempts at each weight: the Two Hands Press, the Two Hands Snatch, and the Two Hands Clean and Jerk, his best single lift on each counting in his total. The amount of weight lifted has a direct relation to the body-weight of the athlete, varying from 200 lb. in the bantamweight class to over 390 lb. in the heavyweight



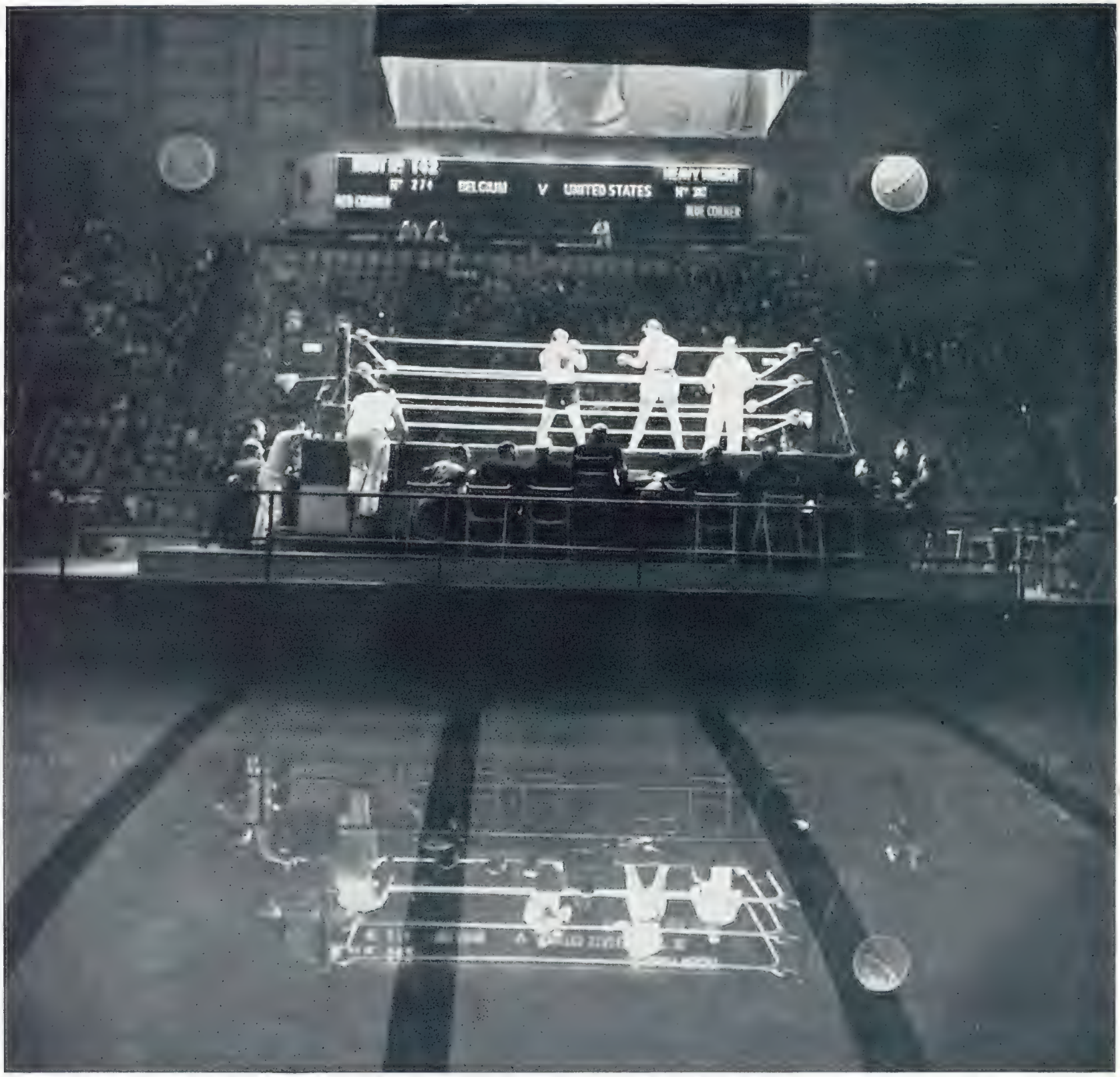
JOE DE PIETRO DEMONSTRATES SOME STRONG-ARM STUFF: The diminutive American—he is no more than 4 ft. 8 in. in height—lifting 231¼ lb. in the Two Hands Press of the Olympic Weight-Lifting Contests. He holds aloft a highly tensile steel revolving bar with iron plates which are accurate to an ounce



WRESTLING HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AS AN OLYMPIC SPORT: Anderberg of Sweden and Toth of Hungary during their Featherweight contest at Earl's Court. They are fighting in Greco-Roman style, as opposed to Catch-as-Catch-Can or Free Style, which was also included in last week's programme. The object of both styles is to defeat your opponent by placing his shoulders on the mat



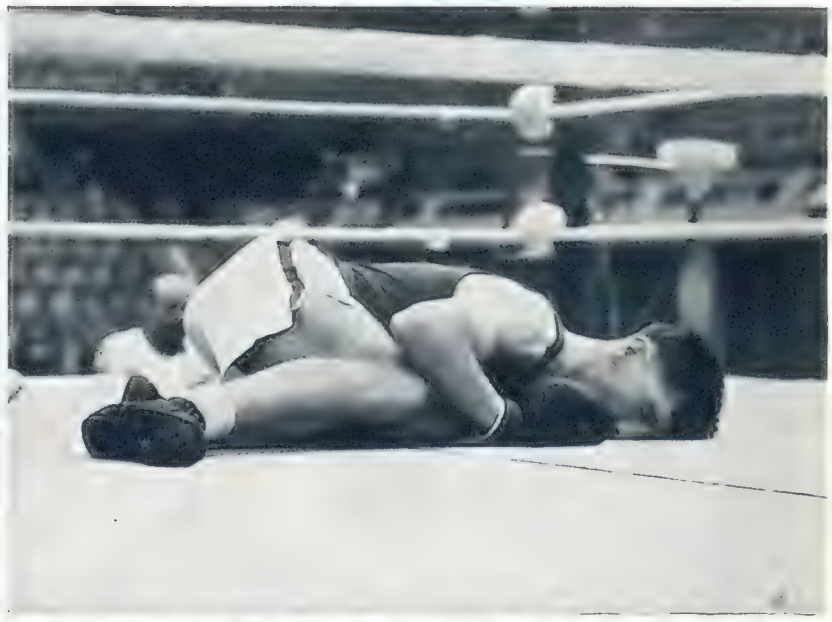
SHAMS OF EGYPT COMPETING IN THE LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION OF THE WEIGHT LIFTING: His was one of the best snatch lifts of the day, his return being 253½ lb. The Egyptians and the Americans excel in this sport, the latter having made phenomenal progress since they gained their first weight-lifting title in 1936



A CAMERA AT THE XIVth OLYMPIAD

A BELGIAN AND AN AMERICAN COMPETE FOR HEAVYWEIGHT HONOURS : E. J. Lambert (U.S.A.), who is seen on the right, and F. Bothy, of Belgium, in action at the Empire Pool, where the Olympic boxing contests were held last week. Boxing was first introduced into an Olympic programme at the London Games in 1908, by which time a few of the Continental countries had begun to take up the sport in earnest. Contests are decided over three rounds

VICTIM OF A FEROCIOUS SWING : Wad, of Denmark, the eventual winner on points of this lightweight contest, down on one knee after Boullosa, of Uruguay, had dealt him a tremendous blow. Boullosa was apt to charge. Eventually Wad's steadiness won the day, but the Dane had some anxious moments



FORAN, OF EIRE, FALLS A VICTIM TO HERRING, OF THE UNITED STATES, IN THE WELTER DIVISION : The Irishman was no match for the strongly-built American, and although he survived the three rounds, Herring was an easy winner on points. Fighting in the Welter Division was of a high order

CLIMAX OF A TEN-MINUTE UPROAR AT THE EMPIRE POOL: Basilio Alves, of Uruguay, waving to the crowd as he ran shouting round the ring, after his defeat at the hands of Eddie Johnson, the American featherweight, the decision having been given on points. The crowd applauded Alves, and the picture on the right shows what happened next, as the Uruguayan's seconds and friends raised him on their shoulders and invaded the Olympic rostrum

ALVES IS CARRIED IN FUTILE TRIUMPH: The Uruguayan boxer, after his defeat by Johnson, is borne towards the judge's rostrum. Helping to hold him aloft is the Uruguayan manager, who was still wearing his armlet as an official judge

THIS WAS BOUT NO. 76: Suares (Uruguay) fighting Rademacher (Czechoslovakia). Suares won this light-heavyweight contest on points, but it was not a particularly inspiring contest, as this picture rather tends to indicate

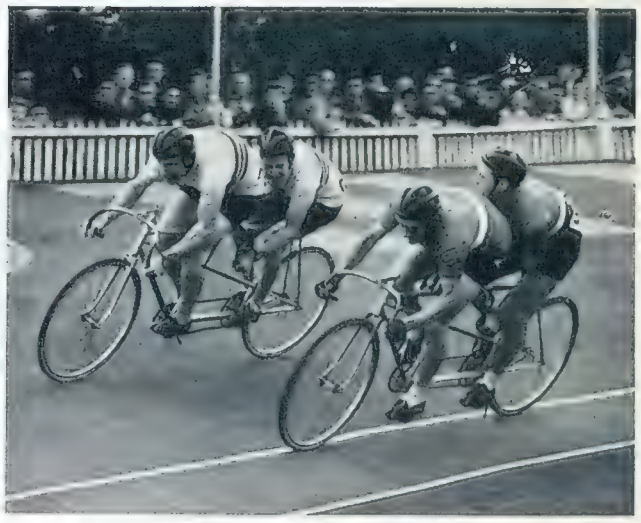
A KOREAN AND A FRENCHMAN BATTLE IT OUT IN THE FLYWEIGHT DIVISION: Cochin (France) is seen being foiled in an attempt to get under his opponent's guard. The Korean won on points, being very clearly the stronger of the two fighters and having considerably the longer reach

THE BRITISH BASKETBALL TEAM PRESS ROUND THE CHINESE GOAL: A fine action study from Harringay. Britain was beaten 54 to 25 in this contest, and on the whole acquitted herself poorly in the basketball events. No fewer than fifty-two countries are affiliated to the Fédération Internationale de Basketball Amateur

OLYMPIC RUNNING, CANOEING AND CYCLING

More Thrills of a Crowded Fortnight of Sport

SWEDEN SUPREME IN THE 1,500 METRES—THE FINISH OF THE CLASSIC TRACK EVENT OF THE OLYMPIAD WHICH WITNESSED THE DEFEAT OF THE WORLD RECORD HOLDER : Breasting the tape is Eriksson, of Sweden, who covered the distance in 3 min. 49·8 sec., two seconds outside Lovelock's Olympic record, and following him home are Lennart Strand, who broke the world record in 1947, and Slijkhuis, of Holland. Strand fought out every inch of the finish, but his sustained duel with Eriksson over the last lap left him nothing to spare for the last forty yards. Eriksson's winning time was a great achievement on a heavy track which carried water and splashed the runners at every stride. Eriksson's running was magnificently steady, and was indeed one of the outstanding spectacles of the whole Olympic meeting



BRITAIN MAKES A BOLD BID FOR THE TANDEM TITLE AT HERNE HILL : Harris and Bannister, of Great Britain, coming through on the outside to beat Faye and Dion, of France, in the semi-final of this 2,000 metres event. Harris and Bannister were brilliant, but in the final they were just beaten on the line by the Italians, who came up to win by a margin of inches. In the final of the 1,000 metres sprint, Harris, the world champion, was unexpectedly beaten by Ghella, an accountancy student from Turin, who triumphed in two runs. On both occasions Harris made an error of judgment. His opponent was the better tactician

A PHOTO FINISH FOR A TANDEM HEAT : How the camera recorded the victory of Harris and Bannister, the two brilliant Manchester wheelers, over the Dutch pair in the quarter-finals of the 2,000 metres on the track at Herne Hill

A SWEDISH PAIR IN THE 10,000 METRES KAYAK PAIRS EVENT AT HENLEY : The kayak about to shoot Henley Bridge when putting up a fast time. On the keystone of the bridge is an arrow pointing to the arch through which the competitors must go. Four nations competing in this kayak event had rudderless craft fitted with a kink at the stern, to ensure ease of steering. Other nations did not come similarly equipped, and there was some comment in Olympic circles as to the fairness of the contest

GHELLA, OF ITALY, CIRCLES THE HERNE HILL TRACK IN TRIUMPH : The winner of the 1,000 metres sprint after accounting for Harris, of Great Britain, in the final. Harris had an easy path to the final, while the rider from Turin had to put up fast times

ON DISPLAY IN CHESTERFIELD MARKET PLACE STATION: In the centre is the observation car of the former crack express "The Coronation." On the left is the Midland Region engine named "Mr. Stephenson" in honour of the pioneer. The Stephenson centenary is being celebrated by a commemoration fortnight

CHESTERFIELD HONOURS STEPHENSON

A Special Commemorative Fortnight to Mark the Centenary of His Passing

George Stephenson, modest and most unassuming of men, remains one of the world's great benefactors, because of the railway system that he fostered with such enterprise and the skill with which he developed the inventions of others. In June, 1881, Newcastle celebrated the centenary of his birth, a medal being struck in his honour, and now Chesterfield, where he died, celebrates the centenary of his death. Lord Kennet, President of the Association of Municipal Corporations, speaking at Chesterfield last week, described George Stephenson not so much as a great inventor but as a great utiliser. Stephenson's life and achievements, he said, showed that what were usually called advantages mattered little. At seventeen, he could neither read nor write, and he yet made himself an able man of business, a supremely good technician, and a cultivated and well-informed leader in his profession. To mark the opening of Chesterfield's centenary fortnight, a wreath was placed by the Mayor on Stephenson's tomb near the altar of Holy Trinity Church

QUEEN ADELAIDE'S COACH ON EXHIBITION AT CHESTERFIELD: It was built in 1842 by the London and Birmingham Railway, and is the oldest vehicle in the possession of the Midland Region. Queen Adelaide was the consort of William IV, who died in 1837 at the onset of the railway era in Britain. The Queen died in 1849

QUEEN VICTORIA'S COACH: This was built by the London and North Western Railway at Wolverhampton in 1869 as two separate saloons kept together by a gangway. In 1895 the two bodies were joined and mounted on single-wheeled bogies. It has stood in a bay at Chesterfield station during the Stephenson Exhibition

THREE EARLY LOCOMOTIVES: These are also on display at the Chesterfield exhibition. On the left is a full-scale model of Stephenson's "Rocket." In the centre is the "Lion," and on the right an early engine of the Midland Railway. Stephenson's "Rocket" was ready in 1829 for the opening of the Liverpool-Manchester line, which had been begun in 1826, and shortly after the line was opened it achieved 29 m.p.h. For years the "Rocket" rendered valuable service

TAPTON HOUSE, NEAR CHESTERFIELD, THE HOME OF GEORGE STEPHENSON: He died there on August 12, 1848, a wealthy and a famous man. It was during the construction of the Midland line that Stephenson took a lease of Tapton House, and it was there during his last years that the railway pioneer turned to horticultural pursuits, making many experiments in relation to manures

Home News in Pictures

TOXOPHILISTS AT DULWICH

The Cameron Highlanders to Dance in Edinburgh: A Yorkshire Beauty Spot for the Nation

The competition for the world archery championship is more gruelling than the layman might be led to expect. Men and women shoot twice at long and short distances, a single long-distance round for men consisting of 72 arrows at 90 metres, 48 at 70 metres, and 24 at 50 metres. An interesting development at the Dulwich tournament, the first international archery tournament to be held in England for a decade, was the greatly increased use of the steel bow. Users of this bow claim that it gives markedly greater accuracy, but there are still some who prefer the traditional yew. During the week of the tournament admission to the grounds at Dulwich was free, an unusual and rather sensible move which may well lead to the sport gaining further adherents

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL ARCHERY TOURNAMENT HELD IN ENGLAND FOR TEN YEARS: Women competitors approaching the butts to inspect their scores during a session in the grounds of Dulwich College. The tournament, which is the twelfth event of its kind, attracted a record entry of thirty women and forty-nine men from ten countries

DANCING ON THE BARRACK SQUARE: Being rehearsed daily at the Bedford Barracks, Colinton, Edinburgh, by the 1st Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, is this unique 32-some reel, to be performed by the Battalion at the Ross Grandstand, Princes Street, during the Edinburgh International Musical Festival. Lieutenant Wimberley, who is producing the reel, understands that it has never before been performed in public. The final show is to be given by the best thirty-two men picked from the many who volunteered for the special barrack-square dancing class. They will wear kilts and sporrans

LIEUTENANT NEIL WIMBERLEY KEEPS THE LINES STRAIGHT: The "O.I.C. dancing classes" is seen on the left supervising the 32-some reel at the Bedford Barracks, Colinton, Edinburgh. Daily rehearsals have been held to find the best performers

GREETINGS FOR A SCOTTISH G.O.M.: Sir Harry Lauder, who was seventy-eight last week, received birthday greetings by letter, telegram and telephone from home and abroad. After entertaining a number of his more intimate friends at luncheon, Sir Harry kept "open house" at Lauder Ha', Strathaven, to receive his many visitors, and here he is cutting the cake specially baked by a friend, Mr. Tom Lightbody, of Hamilton. Everybody had a piece except Sir Harry, who says he never eats cake. Standing in the centre is Mrs. Alex Lauder, Sir Harry's sister-in-law, and on the right is his niece

ON A STRETCH OF HEBDEN WATER—A GLIMPSE OF A MAGNIFICENT PROPERTY THAT IS PASSING INTO THE NATION'S KEEPING: The National Trust has accepted for permanent preservation for the benefit of the public the offer made by Lord Savile of his woodlands at Hardcastle Crags, near Hebden Bridge, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, as a gift to the Trust. The woodlands have been in Lord Savile's family for many generations, and cover some 250 acres of steeply wooded hillsides. About 168 acres of woodland remain as private property. Considering the vast extent of Yorkshire, it is remarkable that so few properties in the county have been offered to the Trust. Some notable exceptions are Billybank Woods, Braithwaite Hall, and Middlesden Hall

THE TEEN-AGE TELEVISION TWINS : Monica and Angela Barnard, seventeen-year-old twin daughters of the Vicar of Wentworth, went to Alexandra Palace to play a two-piano duet in the television show "Teenagers," in which they took leading parts

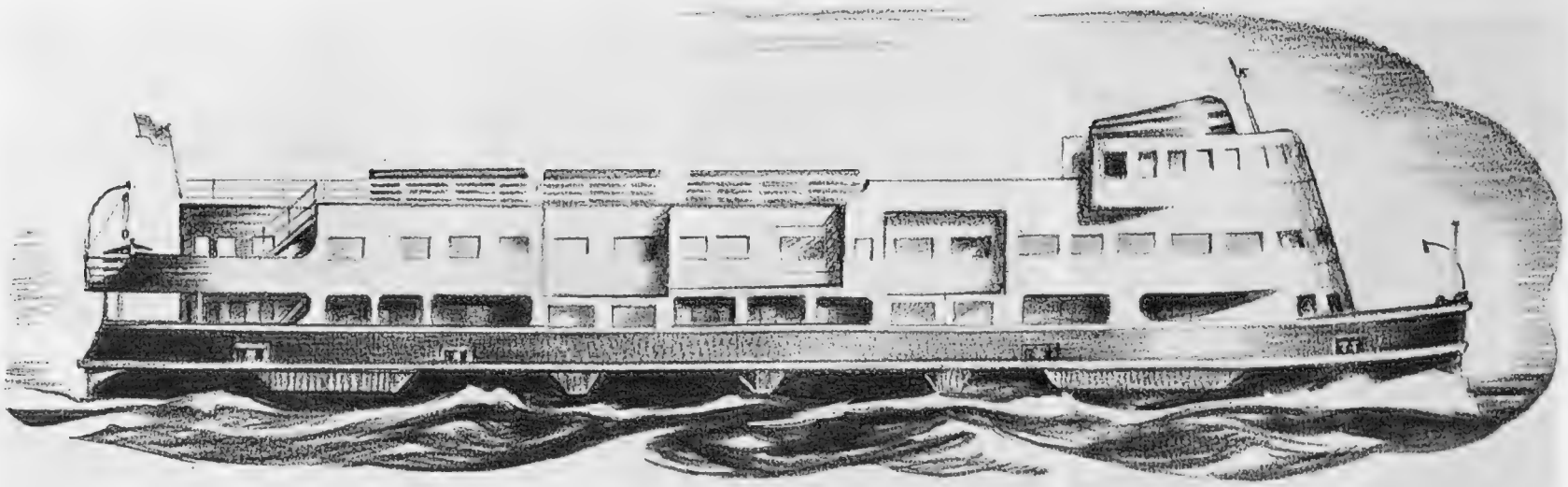
MULBERRY HARBOUR IN THE THAMES : One of the giant pierheads which formed part of the famous D-Day harbour on the Normandy beachhead has been towed to a new berth off Frog Island, near Rainham, in Essex. It is No. 416, which carried 7,000 vehicles in twenty-four hours. Now, together with 240 ft. of floating roadway, it forms a new wharf which enables ships of 4,500 tons to discharge timber on to lorries. In this picture, the first vessel to use the wharf, the s.s. "Springtide," is seen discharging 730 standards of Finnish timber from Oulu. Most of the other similar units of Mulberry are already performing valuable service in other countries

BANKING AT SPEED IN LONDON'S ROLLER-SKATING TRIALS : Five hundred yards of City streets, normally among London's busiest, were closed to traffic last week while roller skatists sped round them at a top speed of nearly 40 m.p.h. "No Entry" notices were posted up on four streets forming the course—London Wall, New Basinghall Street, Fore Street, and Cripplegate Buildings. The skating is taking place at regular intervals to search for aces to take part in the world's championship

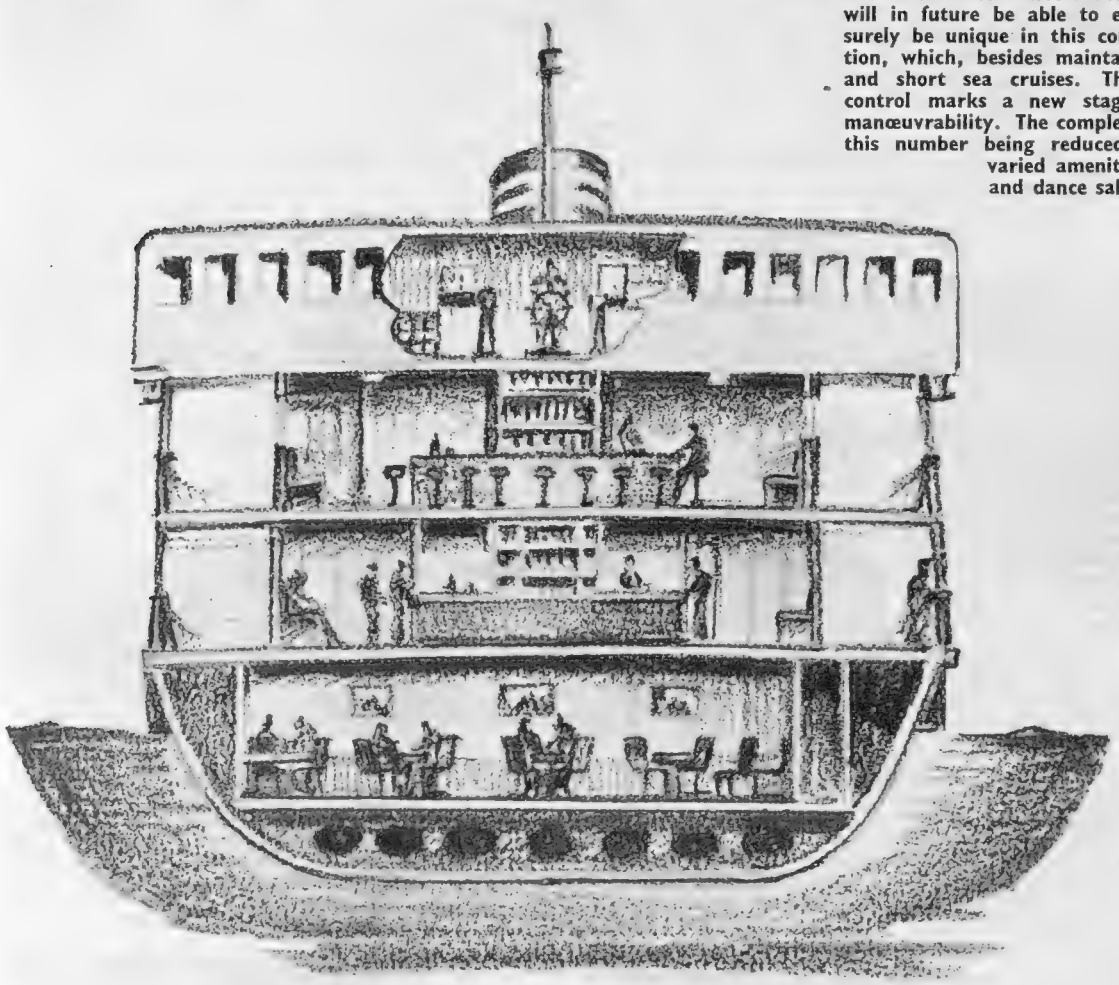
WHEEL-CHAIR ARCHERY FOR SPINAL PATIENTS AT A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOSPITAL : Sitting in their wheel-chairs sixteen men and three women have learned in six weeks the art of archery. They are patients at the Ministry of Pensions Hospital at Stoke Mandeville, and have received their training from Frank Bilson, of Edgware, a champion archer. Dr. Guttman, who is in charge of the patients, declares that archery is a great sport for developing the muscles of paraplegics

THE WORLD'S LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION ENGAGES IN A HEALTH TALK : Freddie Mills, whose defeat of Gus Lesnevitch brought him the title, is seen with manager Ted Broadribb (right), Dr. A. P. Magonet (centre), and Mr. C. Donmall (back to camera), secretary of the British Boxing Board of Control, as they discussed Mills' future. X-ray photographs taken during training have shown that two small bones have been dislodged in the base of Mills' spine. He is to receive massage for this and treatment for the headaches and spells of dizziness from which he has suffered since his first fight with Lesnevitch

THE FINNISH BARQUE "VIKING" DOCKS IN THE LONDON RIVER : The 2,670-ton sailing vessel in the South-West India Dock, after completing the voyage from Spencer Gulf, South Australia, where she took on 51,000 bags of grain. The *Viking*, built in Copenhagen in 1907, is one of the four surviving sailing-ships which used to take part in the grain race from Australia. In April, when at Spencer Gulf, she met up with her equally celebrated rivals, *Lawhill* and *Passat*. The fourth of the great grain racers still on the high seas, the *Pamir*, visited London at the turn of the year. She is now in the New Zealand merchant marine



REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN FOR A MERSEY FERRY: Pleasure seekers on the Mersey will in future be able to enjoy outstanding amenities in this vessel, which must surely be unique in this country. She will be operated by the Wallasey Corporation, which, besides maintaining a ferry service, has also been encouraging river and short sea cruises. The adoption of Diesel-electric propulsion with bridge control marks a new stage in Mersey ferry design, and will promote greater manœuvrability. The complement of passengers allowed for ferry service will be 2,500, this number being reduced to 1,000 for cruising. On the four decks will be varied amenities for passengers, and these include observation lounge and dance saloon, while there will also be cocktail and ice-cream bars



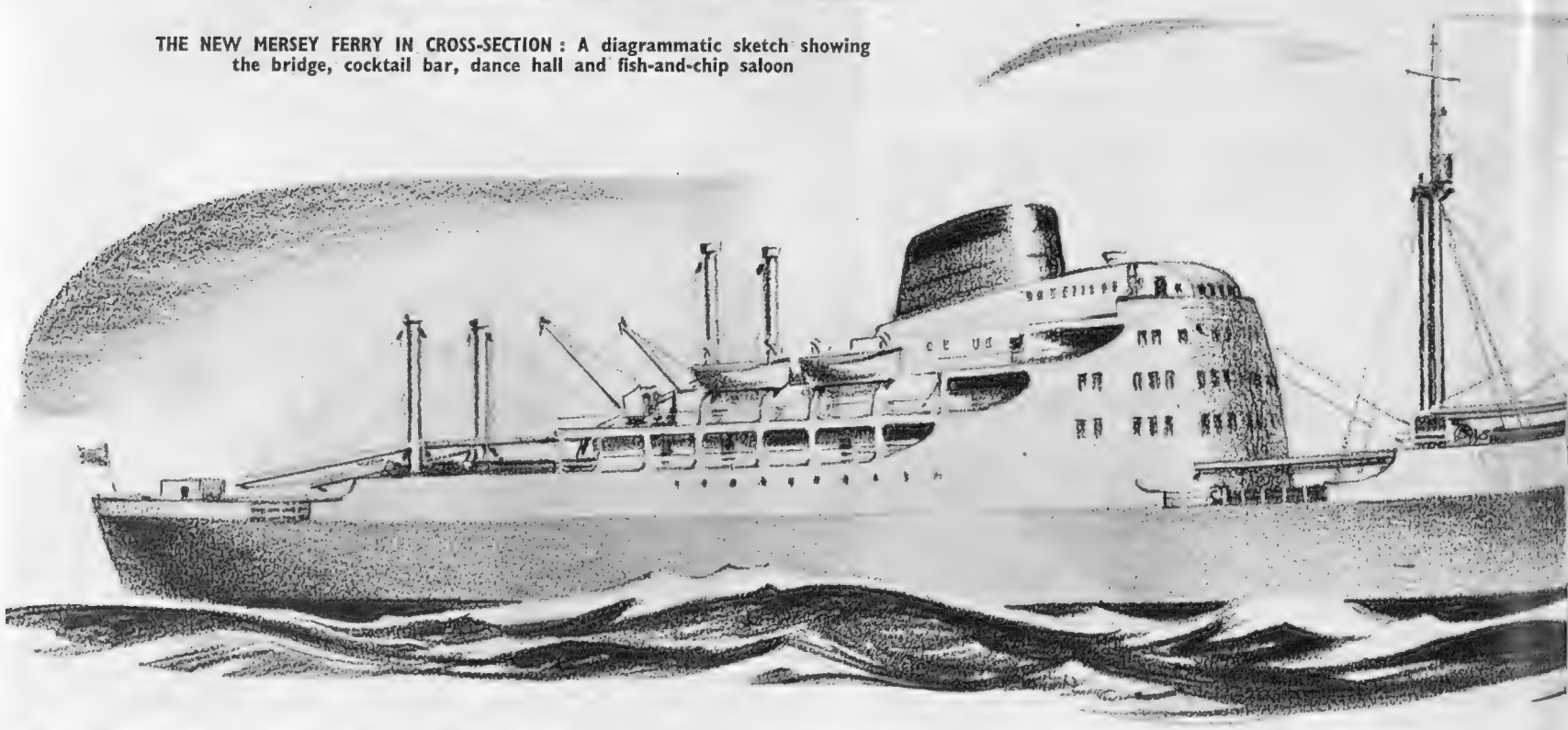
THE NEW MERSEY FERRY IN CROSS-SECTION: A diagrammatic sketch showing the bridge, cocktail bar, dance hall and fish-and-chip saloon

FASHIONS AFLOAT

New Trends on the High Seas and on the Great Rivers

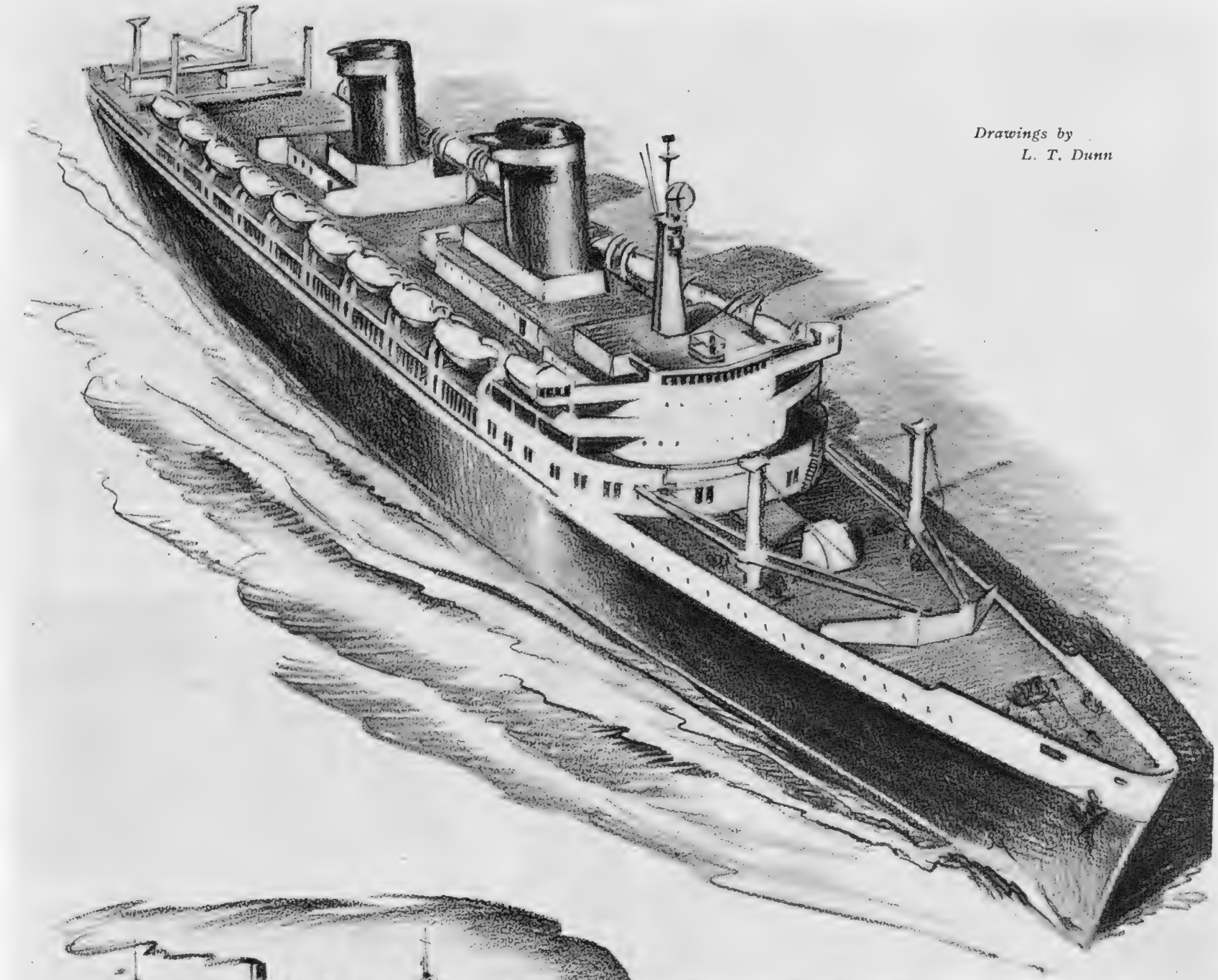
With ships, as with other things, the post-war era brought the desire and the search for novelty as an antidote to the years of austerity. In the two widely differing products of British maritime architecture depicted on this page, the traditional idea of ship silhouette has given place to a novel, but none the less mature, conception of exterior design. The *Port Brisbane* is a splendid example of this new robustness of character which we cannot fail to appreciate. We are often told that mere streamlining of structure is of little practical value from th point of view of propulsive efficiency, but nevertheless restraine application of this principle greatly enhances the appearanc of a ship. If sound British workmanship can produce a none theless soundly built "newer look" in design, we shall b able to hold our own with Scandinavian shipyards, which ar now producing some remarkably attractive vessels.

Ship fashions are also undergoing vast changes on the othe side of the Atlantic, as witness the plan for a 48,000-ton linc and the design of the very strange tow-boat *Havana Zephyr*

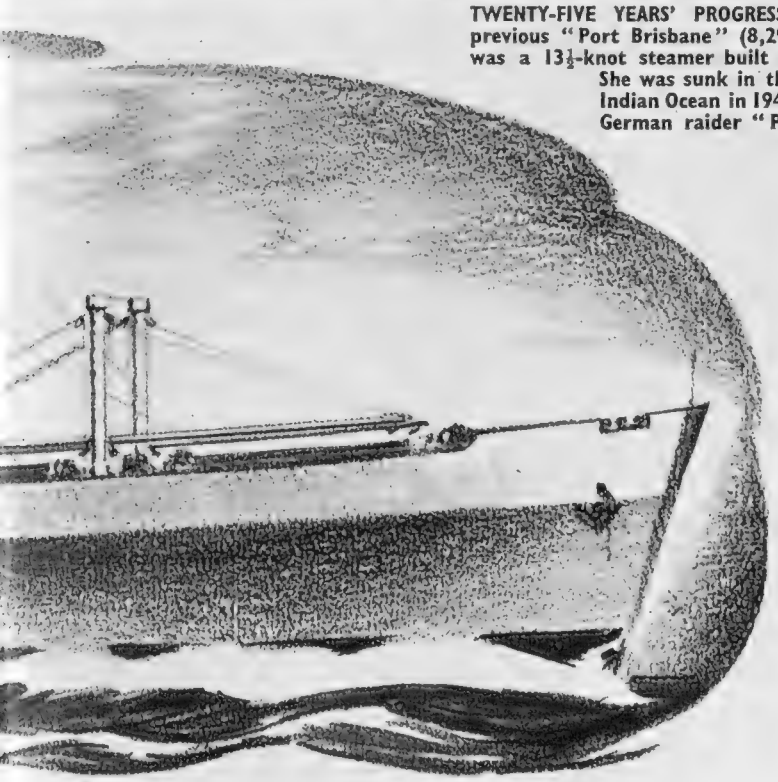


THE "PORT BRISBANE" REPRESENTS MODERN BRITISH DESIGN AT ITS BEST: The most striking ship of her size under the Red Ensign is the "Port Brisbane," the launched on the Tyne by Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Ltd. Designed for the carriage of refrigerated and general cargoes from Australia and New is amidships, separate decks being allocated to passengers (twelve in number), officers and crew. She and her sister ship, the "Port Auckland," also building on

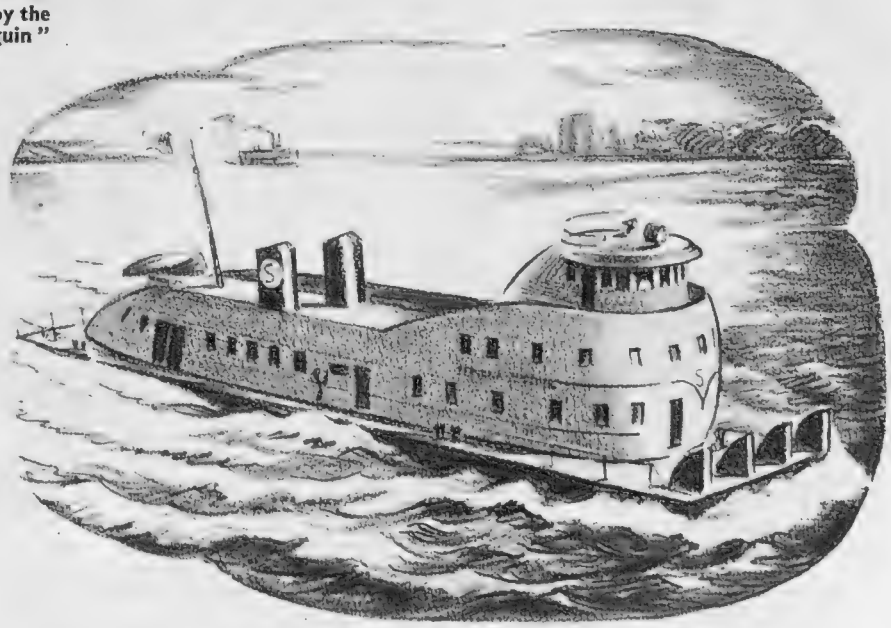
Drawings by
L. T. Dunn



A PROJECTED TRANSATLANTIC GIANT : The U.S. Maritime Commission and the Navy authorities are now considering plans put forward by the United States Line for a 48,000-ton passenger liner. Driven by high-pressure steam turbines, she will have a speed of at least 28½ knots, and will thus be able to maintain sailings from New York every two weeks. With a length of between 900 and 1,000 ft., she will be eclipsed in length only by the two famous "Queens" of the Cunard White Star Line, and will be the largest merchant ship ever built in the U.S.A. Accommodation will be provided for approximately 2,000 passengers



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PROGRESS : The previous "Port Brisbane" (8,299 tons) was a 13½-knot steamer built in 1923. She was sunk in the South Indian Ocean in 1940 by the German raider "Pinguin"



AN EXAGGERATED TREND : Modern American car design is reflected in the somewhat grotesque appearance of many of the new tow-boats built for river service in the United States. One of the latest of these, the "Havana Zephyr," has an unusually streamlined and rather bulbous superstructure on her raft-like hull. Novel features are the twin funnels placed abreast each other and the very sharply raked mast, still further emphasising the exaggerated trend in design. A large vessel, she is driven by twin-screw Diesel machinery of 1,980 b.h.p.

12,400-ton streamlined flagship of the Port Line, which has recently been Zealand, she will have a service speed of 17 knots. All accommodation the Tyne, will be powered by twin-screw Diesel engines of about 13,200 b.h.p.

PERSONALITIES IN THE COMMUNIST SPY INVESTIGATIONS AT WASHINGTON

THE CHIEF WITNESS IN THE WASHINGTON SPY HEARINGS: Elizabeth Bentley, former secret member-at-large in the United States Communist Party, sits between her two guards at a session of the Senate Investigating Committee. Miss Bentley's evidence concerning espionage groups operating in Washington and New York has involved many prominent men, including Government officials. Most have denied her charges, but Louis Budenz (whose picture appears below, right), who entered the Roman Catholic Church in 1945 after renouncing Communism, appealed to others to follow Miss Bentley and himself in revealing all details

THE CASE OF WILLIAM REMINGTON: Bernard L. Gladieux (on left), executive assistant to the Secretary of Commerce, said that William Remington, Chairman of the Department of Commerce export and licence committee, is still being paid from his accumulated annual leave. Matthew Hale (right), Commerce Department lawyer, stated that he removed data on Remington files before turning them over to the Committee

LAUCHLIN CURRIE: An administrative assistant to the late President Roosevelt whom Elizabeth Bentley accused of supplying information to groups working on behalf of Russia. Currie strenuously denied all the charges

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS: A senior editor of the magazine "Time," Chambers renounced Communism after the Hitler-Stalin pact. He mentioned Alger Hiss, who, he stated, was member of an underground group in 1937

NATHAN WITT: One of the men accused by Whittaker Chambers. He is a former attorney of the National Labour Relations Board. Chambers' testimony was given on August 3 before the Un-American Activities Committee

LOUIS BUDENZ: The former editor of the New York "Daily Worker" confirmed Elizabeth Bentley's membership of the spy ring and said that the Communist Party in the United States was "a fifth column for Soviet Russia"

NATHAN SILVERMASTER: The former United States Government official was accused by Elizabeth Bentley of being head of a group of Government employees engaged in espionage on behalf of Russia. He said that the charges against him were false and fantastic

OSCAR EWING: A Federal Security Administrator, Ewing denied charges that he balked an anti-Communism campaign in the schools. He has demanded a public hearing on charges made by Dr. John W. Studebaker, a former Commissioner of Education

JOHN McDOWELL: The member of the American House of Representatives from Pennsylvania declared before the Un-American Activities Committee that 1,300 lbs. of uranium compounds were shipped to Russia "at the height of atomic research in 1943"

ALGER HISS: The president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, who accompanied the late President Roosevelt to the Crimea Conference, denied emphatically the charges brought by Whittaker Chambers of Communist activity in 1937

Elizabeth Bentley, who was born in Connecticut and who graduated from Vassar in 1930 and took an M.A. degree at Columbia University, began her career as a spy in 1941 and was an important member of the espionage network until 1944. She has mentioned over thirty names in her testimony. Many have already denied her charges strenuously, but Louis Budenz, a former managing editor of New York's *Daily Worker*, who renounced Communism to become a Roman Catholic in 1945, supported her claim to be a member of the spy network working for Russia, and appealed to others to reveal the full details. The source of much of the Communist Party's funds was Hollywood, he stated, and money also came from abroad. He also said that the Cominform was ". . . an iceberg standing out of the water for a certain political purpose." The hearings, which have involved Government officials, have been sensational, but President Truman has criticised the Congressional investigations as being a "red herring" and said that they had revealed no information that had not already been presented to the Federal Grand Jury. Evidence was insufficient to justify an indictment and irreparable harm was being done to ". . . certain persons, impairing the morale of Federal employees, and undermining public confidence in the Government."

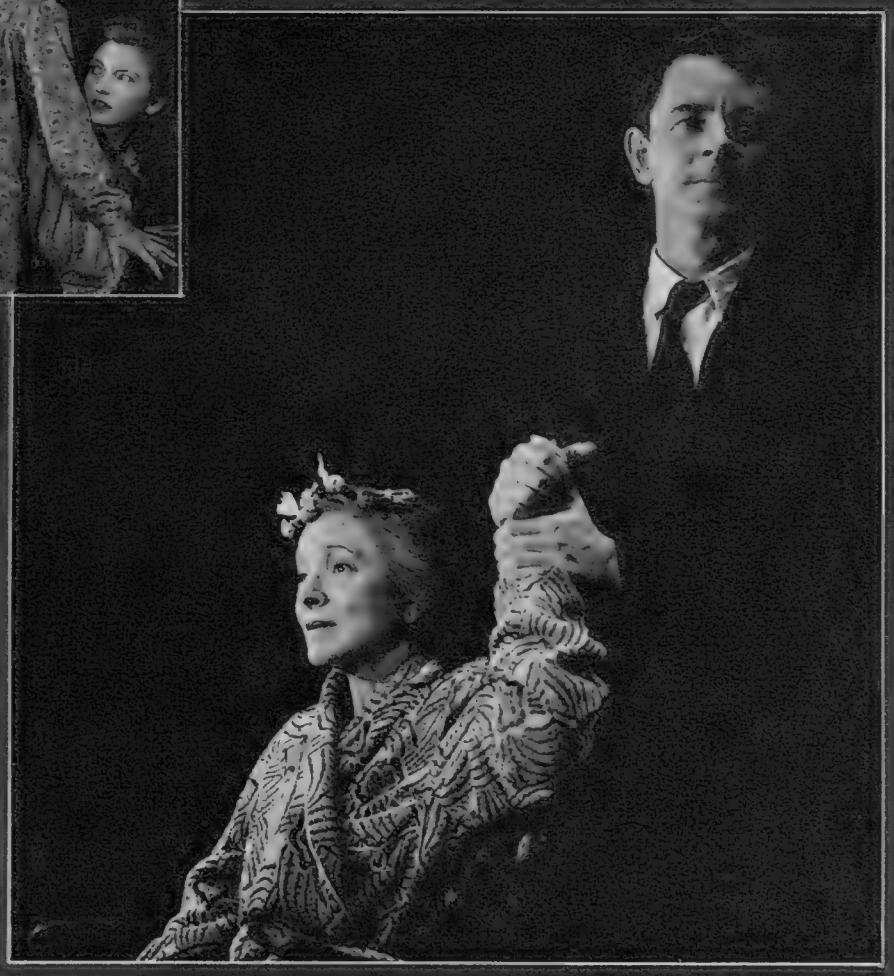
"THE GLASS MENAGERIE"

Helen Hayes Makes Her First London Appearance in Tennessee Williams' First Play

AN ALLEY IN ST. LOUIS: Amanda Wingfield (Helen Hayes) returns to find her daughter Laura (Frances Heflin) has played truant from a business college and is seeking consolation for her shyness in her "menagerie" of glass toy animals. Helen Hayes gives a brilliant performance in her first appearance on the London stage

SON AND FATHER'S PORTRAIT: Tom Wingfield (Phil Brown) drunkenly demands who ever got out of a nailed-up coffin without removing one nail—and a spot lights up the picture

TOM TURNS ON HIS MOTHER: Infuriated by her tiresome questioning, he tells her—"You'll go up, up on a broomstick over Blue Mountain, with seventeen gentleman callers!"



THE GENTLEMAN CALLER SIGNS LAURA'S PROGRAMME: Laura, who has become shy and timid because of her crippled foot, meets again the hero of her schooldays (played by Hugh McDermott)

MOTHER AND SON: After his outburst (inset above, left), Tom apologises. "My devotion," says Amanda, "has made me a witch, and so I make myself hateful to my children." *The Glass Menagerie*, the play which Helen Hayes has chosen for her first appearance in London, is by America's latest dramatist success, Tennessee Williams. The play ran for eighteen months on Broadway and was followed by another hit, *A Streetcar Named Desire*. Both plays won the New York Drama Critics' Award and the second also won the Pulitzer Prize. The thirty-three-year-old author has based the mother, daughter and son on his own family (himself being the son) in the play, which tells the story of a brave, though bromidical mother whose life is devoted to finding suitable Gentlemen Callers for her daughter. The daughter (played by Frances Heflin, sister of the film star) is a cripple, and her deformity has made her excessively shy. Her only happiness lies in her collection of toy animals. Ever present, although never on the stage, is the father who deserted them, and whose happily grinning portrait dominates the scene

New Lamps and Old

IN PRAISE OF MYOPIA

Its Virtue in an Uncertain World

BY JOHN GORE

THE VIRTUE OF MYOPIA.—It is in the holiday months that we most vividly remember the supreme tragedies which fell on our civilisation in our lifetime—the first weeks of August (1914) and of September (1939). Myself, owning to a feeble memory, I recall clear details of the two lovely days on which the curtain rose on those long-drawn-out tragedies, of which the epilogues are still dragging out. On August 4, 1914, the large week-end party in Hertfordshire, of which I was a member, had none of the zest which such functions at the end of a London Season usually supplied. The guests were all well acquainted, had met and danced together at fifty dances in the past months, would soon forgather in Scotland for grouse shooting and reel-dancing.

But now there was thunder in the air, thunder over Europe, and it affected our spirits, and as the black clouds blew up and the first flashes were seen, one by one the men crept silently away on telegraphic orders and the party disintegrated, and perhaps, subconsciously at least, every guest realised that it was the last of a particular series, if not the end of a long chapter, even the end of the old world. I was then twenty-eight years old, and had made hardly any beginning—worth the name—of a career. In September, 1939, I was turned fifty-four, and in a more established way of life. I was a married man with three young children, with a pleasant, modest house and some acres of land in Sussex; I had long since embraced the career which had called me from boyhood and was working up to the apex of such success as I could hope for (and more than my attainments and industry deserved). I had written most of my books by that time, and was half through with the most profitable of them; and I had all the work I could deal with, pleasant and not too onerous, as a journalist.

My diaries of 1938 and 1939 (into which I have looked again) convince me that life at that period (despite the awful threats) was good. I must have been enjoying the best that life offered then to the fortunate. The sweets of country life for the modest bonnet-squire, work that was also a hobby, with enough material reward to remove all financial worries and with success sufficient to keep me keen, self-satisfied and hopeful. Plenty of pleasant company, a devoted and happy family, work in which I delighted at my desk and in the garden, none of it too urgent to prevent my enjoying the best shooting that then offered on as many days of the season as an easy conscience allowed; a round of delightful visits and constant change of scene. An idyll? Life, of course, had been far more free and untrammelled, gay and colourful before 1914, but the 1930's, despite the cynicism and shadows of that decade, were for me the happiest years of my life. Clearly I benefited from abnormal myopia. I refused to believe in world war as a probability until it came—twice in my prime. When, therefore, I walked down to our village hall on a divine September afternoon in September, 1939, to await the buses carrying evacuees from London and Portsmouth, I realised, no doubt, that the "good times" had been grievously interrupted.

"If Thou Hadst Known. . . ."—"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy *prime*, the things that belong unto thy peace." Perhaps there was some excuse for myopia in 1914; excuses in comparative youth and total lack of experience of the implications of world war, excuse in a childhood and boyhood passed in an established tradition of permanence, security, ease of living, an unchanging (or imperceptibly changing) order of society; but most of these excuses were absent in 1939.

Indeed, only one valid excuse remains: to deny that myopia *needs* excuse, to claim shortsightedness as a necessary virtue of citizenship. For which of us at the start of our careers in 1914, who could clearly picture what the next quarter-century held for our generation would not have hesitated to plunge into life, or, at the best, paddled half-heartedly in? The *Great* Victorians! It is not their merits but their *luck* that deserves the adjective. Who could fail to succeed in their day; who (save scientists and men of action) could hope to succeed, when Fate decreed that all their prime should be passed under the shadow or in the throes of world war, constantly interrupted, upheaved by revolution, embittered by hatred, soured by suspicion, fettered by control, enslaved by regulations, narrowed and confined by economic stresses?

Warmed and armed by that virtue of myopia, I donned my Yeomanry uniform in 1914, with no doubt in my heart, unless the dreadful anxiety lest the war should be over before I was drafted to France. And, indeed, four long years in France, Flanders and Germany failed to corrupt my virtue—of myopia. The sweets of victory beckoned. . . . The prize was the final liquidation of war and its terrors!

The years between, twenty years of uneasy armistice, of growing disillusion, of increasing cynicism, selfishness, suspicion and strife, were powerless to sap my virtue (of myopia), and yielded the "best years of my life." I wrote my books and my weekly quota, and attained my modest niche, and found time to enjoy a great variety of sweets and found life good enough; and came (despite the pointing finger of 1938) into 1939 as "virtuous" as ever, as blind as in 1913.

If September, 1939, was to interrupt the good times, the interruption would be grievous but surely limited. . . . At any rate, I donned L.D.V. uniform with the philosophy which that expectation afforded. But if I had known that, ten years on, country life would still be Crusoe life, tobacco 4s. an ounce, vegetarianism a necessity for weak digestions, a new car as unattainable for me as a millionaire's steam-yacht, taxation at . . . (and so forth); if I had foreseen the coming decade in all its terror and boredom and austerity, with all the bitter disillusion that followed victory, should I have donned my denims, with the necessary enthusiasm, even with the restrained pride, of advanced middle-age?

"Carry on, Jeeves."—Again, carnival time came round—the best which the austerities of 1948 could offer—and people were beginning to think of the summer holidays. On the last days of June and throughout July, 1948, the situation in Berlin was so tense that sober statesmen could reasonably compare it with Munich, 1938; speeches were made in Parliament which left no doubt in anyone's mind that the glove was thrown down and that America, Britain and France were prepared, if necessary, to go to war with Russia if Russia did not modify her aggressive policy in Berlin. At home a State of Emergency had been declared to enable the Government to deal with the dockers' strike in June. In July American bombers were arriving on our aircraft-carrier island. . . . Was I cured of myopia? Had I lost my virtue, my sole virtue? No, indeed. I hammered on in my weekly notes about the dangers of a third world war and all its final and fatal implications. But in my heart I did not believe the awful thing as a possibility. Indeed, at the time I was very much depressed by the results of the second and third Test matches, and very much annoyed by a new cut in my already slender supplies of "duty" petrol.

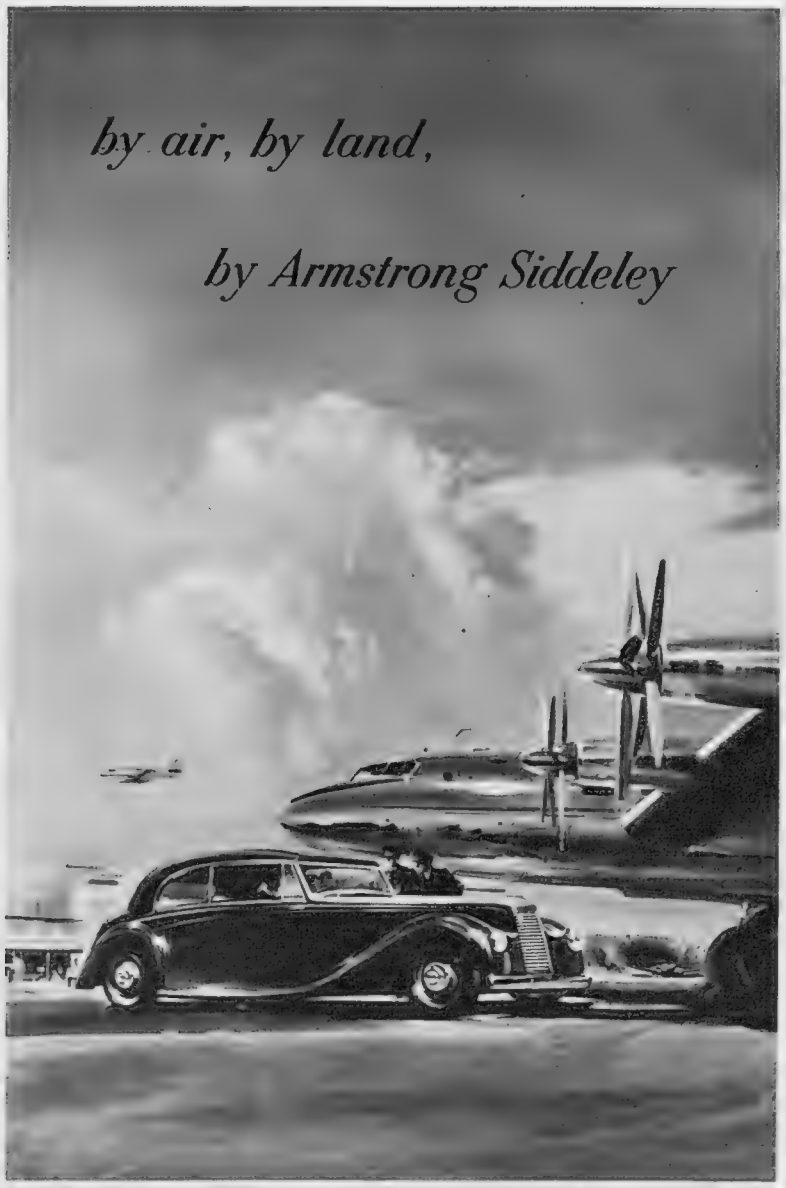
But suppose that, warned and at last convinced by two signal examples of "insane optimism," I accepted the probability of World War III breaking out before the winter of 1948, should I be in a better posture to meet that event if it come?

I think not. There is nothing I can do about it, no preparations which I can usefully make. I might, no doubt, write a personal letter to Stalin, I might begin to dig a cave in our sandstone bank at the base of one of the bomb craters left over from the *last* war. But it seems more sensible to go on with my regular jobs as if nothing had happened and nothing would happen, and to lick on the stamps which assure me perfect security from the cradle to the grave.

Had I assumed war to be a certainty or even a probability in June, I think I should have merely transformed myself into an unshaven, cringing tippler. . . . Better surely to regard reasoning as a vice, myopia broadly as the supreme virtue of citizenship and humanity, and to shed my tears over the debacle at Lord's, rather than over the larger debacle of human relations and moral standards and sanity.

CASTLE LEOD, STRATHPEFFER, THE HOME OF VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS TARBAT: Castle Leod (pronounced "Loud") was built at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is a fine example of the Scottish baronial style. A son and heir has lately been born to Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, and the christening ceremony has just taken place at Strathpeffer

THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE — A CHRISTENING PARTY AT STRATHPEFFER: Baron Stackelberg (godparent), Viscount Tarbat, Colonel Blunt Mackenzie, Viscountess Tarbat with her infant son, the Countess of Cromartie, Lady Isobel Linda, who stood proxy for two of the child's godmothers, Mr. Eric Linklater (godfather), the author and journalist, and Mr. Patrick Smith (godfather). The six-weeks-old child, who is heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Cromartie, was christened John Ruaridh Blunt Grant Mackenzie, the ceremony taking place at the Episcopal Church, Strathpeffer



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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SWAN SONG OF A MASTER

Somerset Maugham's Sensitive Writing in "Catalina," Which He Says Will be the Last of His Novels

SOME years ago Mr. Somerset Maugham announced that he had written his last play, and although there were those who sought leave to doubt it, he has obstinately stuck to that decision ever since.

He now says that CATALINA (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) will be his last novel, and we must perforce accept that, and go on to discuss the nature of the work he has chosen to round off his successful and distinguished career as a novelist.

It is significant that he should have chosen to take his valedictory bow with a story which takes place in Spain during the reign of that King Philip who was the son of the man who gave so much trouble to Elizabeth of England. This is a period in which Mr. Somerset Maugham is particularly happy, having given evidence of his interest in it, and of his knowledge of it, in *The Summing-Up* and in *Don Fernando*. Readers of *Don Fernando* will not need to be reminded of Mr. Maugham's affection for El Greco, and they will not be disappointed to see the shadow of that great master fall upon the pages of *Catalina*.

SATANISM, VAMPIRES, AND GHOSTS WERE HIS SUBJECTS: The Rev. Montague Summers, Roman Catholic priest, and one of the world's experts on black magic and witchcraft, collapsed at his desk last week while writing the last chapter of his 130,000-word life-story

Catalina herself is a sixteen-year-old beauty, a cripple, semi-paralysed by an encounter with a bull and having lost her lover, the handsome son of a tailor, in consequence. The scene is the little town of Castel Rodriguez, hot, empty, silent in the mid-day sun, for all the town's people have gone to watch the procession and festivities in honour of Friar Blasco de Valero, Bishop of Segovia, and his brother Don Manuel, a captain of renown in the King's armies. Alone in the church, Catalina is praying to the image of the Blessed Virgin to be cured of her infirmity. She comes out of the church, sits down on the steps and begins to cry. Then the miracle happens, for the vision of a Lady appears, and tells her how she may be cured.

From this incident Mr. Somerset Maugham, with all his masterly skill, builds a story which envelops not only this crippled girl, her lover and her family, but a powerful and ascetic Bishop, a grandiose and colourful soldier, his brother, as well as the third brother, Martin, who brought disgrace on his semi-grand family by becoming a baker, staying at home and living humbly with his wife and children. Then there is Dona Beatriz, the nobly-born Prioress of the Carmelite convent, only open to nuns of noble birth. These are the principal characters, but there is a fine assemblage of the others, each in turn acutely observed and portrayed moving in the background, including, as I have said, El Greco, whom Mr. Maugham uses to immense effect in a passage dealing with spiritual conflicts of his grim ascetic Bishop.

That is enough of the story to give the potential reader an indication of what the book is about. That it is a story which extends Mr. Somerset Maugham's powers to the full is obvious, since it runs the gamut of human, emotional, spiritual and even political problems and relationships. It is a novel which has no direct appeal for popularity in the sense that *The Razor's Edge* had it. It is a novel which one suspects Mr. Somerset Maugham has always wanted to write, and in a sense may have been writing for a long time.

All the mastery of the delineation of character, creation of atmosphere, the scrupulous attention to the minutest detail, the austere economy of the writing and the unerring analyses of human motives, all these things are there to form a perfect climax to the chosen swan song of a great master in English fiction.

As for THE GALLERY (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), that is another kind of thing altogether: a novel that is not only written by an American, but about American soldiers and for the most part in an American vernacular that is, by understatement, tiring to read. This is essentially a book for an American audience; possibly a big one, I don't know. I only know specifically that it wasn't written for me.

Mr. John Horne Burns takes for his setting the Galleria at Naples, that big, enclosed space lined with shops and cafés, and peopled during the period of which he writes with Allied soldiers as much as with Neapolitans. In the Galleria you could get anything you wanted, from a drink to a drug. You could—and did, if you were one of these characters—sell a stolen watch, or pick up a child prostitute.

You could malinger on a forged pass, or whine about your hard life. It was a joyless, brutal place, and I will say for Mr. Burns that he hasn't missed an opportunity of letting the reader see just *how* joyless and brutal. There is a principal character in the story, an introspective invertebrate who failed to gain my sympathy, but aside from his moping and philanderings, the novel is composed of a series of short stories, or, rather, sketches illustrating, as far as one can see, the disintegrating effect on human beings of the war.

UNDER STRANGE SKIES (Melville: Allen and Unwin. 21s.), by Christina Soltan, tells of a young Polish girl, who is studying music in Berlin in 1938. She is not Jewish, but her professor and many of her friends are, and her efforts to save them from concentration camps, and to have one of their children safely sheltered in Holland, lead to the confiscation of her passport.

That is the beginning of her troubles, and of an odyssey that takes her to Poland, and from there eventually to London by what must surely be the longest possible route: *via* Krakow, Lwow and Moscow, by the Trans-Siberian Railway to Harbin, and from there *via* Tokyo, Saigon, Shanghai, Singapore, Lourenco Marques and Cape Town to England.

Miss Soltan's book has a remarkable freshness and, when one considers that all this journey was undertaken in war conditions, plenty of courage that is implicit and never underscored in her recital.

THE SUNLIT CARIBBEAN (Evans. 8s. 6d.) is a collection of nostalgic travel reminiscences, rather than a guide-book. It is readable, discursive and mildly interesting, but I am not sure that, if I had not been there already and seen for myself, this book would spur me on to make the voyage to Martinique, to Dominica, or to the Bahamas. Mr. Alex Waugh's greatest asset in writing books of this kind is his own appreciation of travel for travel's sake.

TESTING TIME FOR ENGLAND (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.) does not deal with our economic crisis, you may be relieved to hear, but with another kind of trial—as decided between the Australians and ourselves. Denis Compton is our leading batsman to-day, and his record so far this season has been an invaluable help in the Tests, in spite of their ultimate result. He writes of his own experiences in the Tests of 1946 and 1947, and in this entertaining book introduces the reader to the new Australian cricket stars, for whom he has a healthy respect.

HAPPY LANDFALL AT FALMOUTH: Felix Brandsten (right), a sixty-eight-year-old American, and a Finn, Ivar Heino, aged forty-four, who have just sailed the Atlantic in a 22-ft. steel lifeboat from Miami to Falmouth in 64 days. They encountered some of the worst storms on Atlantic record. For days on end, the small vessel lay helpless, keeping the boat head to the wind and riding the giant waves. Brandsten navigated with the aid of a small sextant and the stars, but the boat tossed so much, it was difficult to get bearings

Dr. Bertha van Hoosen is not only a name to conjure with in the medical world, and particularly in her native U.S.A., but as an octogenarian has fluttered the literary dovecotes with a lively autobiography which immediately became a best-seller in her own country. PETTICOAT SURGEON (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is the title of her story, which covers sixty years as a doctor, crusader and international figure. Her early life, her graduation as a doctor, even her brilliant red hair and the temper which matched it, are vividly described, and it is all leavened by a riotous sense of humour.

THE GOSPEL OF APARTHEID

Africa and the Status of the Black Man

Most of the British Dominions possess highly specialised, markedly individual problems of a racial character. Australia, dangerously underpopulated but with a vast perimeter to tempt the Oriental world, and the two new recruits, Hindu India and Muslim Pakistan, where rivers of blood have flowed so insensately, each leap to mind in this connection; but it is in the Union of South Africa, perhaps, that the most explosive situation of all lies just beneath the surface, outcropping alarmingly sometimes in the mining towns of the Rand. The ceaseless question in the African Union is "What shall be the status of the black man?" The average South African is apt to think he has the answer, and if he be an ardent Nationalist, a follower of Dr. Malan, or an Afrikaner, he is pledged to the policy of "apartheid," negro segregation and discrimination. Only thus, he argues, may a few of us be preserved among so many. Where a less narrow nationalism prevails, the answer to this poser may allow of education through the hands as a milestone along the road to dusky citizenship, but on the whole the white folk of South Africa remain highly conscious of the potential menace of the dark millions around them, and perhaps with good reason. Edward Roux, who has lived with this problem all his life, has in TIME LONGER THAN ROPE (Victor Gollancz. 18s.) written a political history of the black man in South Africa, of the battles he has waged, the organisations he has built up, and the personalities that have taken part in the struggle. This is a book that will set no fears at rest among those who preach the gospel of "apartheid." To-day, the whites form 22 per cent. of the Union's population. In the year 2000, it is estimated, they will only be 15 per cent., and it seems unlikely, declares Mr. Roux, "that a dwindling minority of whites will be able to maintain the political and industrial colour bars which have disgraced South Africa before the world and which are fundamentally incompatible with humanity. Time is on the side of the Bantu; 'Time longer than rope.'"

Mr. Roux's book may lack lofty impartiality, and it is certain to draw the fire of Dr. Malan's Nationalists, but its well-marshalled array of facts will take a deal of answering. When the police hit out with batons at the strikers at Robinson Deep, Nourse, and Simmer and Jack in August, 1946, they were, literally and metaphorically, driving their problem underground, and they were dealing with the situation in just about the same unimaginative way that old Paul Kruger was wont to do in the days when the despised Uitlanders (now the lords of creation upon the Reef, the nabobs of Commissioner Street and Orange Grove) sought representation in return for the burden of taxation.

Dr. G. G. Coulton was a great scholar and a much-loved eccentric, a powerful personality who steadily sustained a small middle-class household and sporadically ruined its peace, who loved his home and never hesitated in entering into battle with one or other of its inmates. In FATHER (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), Sarah Campion pays a gay and warm-hearted tribute to the doctor whom generations of Cambridge men called G.G.C., and to whom controversy was the breath of life. "At one moment he preached in noble sentences the freedom of man's conscience; in the next he ordered us to compulsory church," writes Miss Campion. "Yet this unthinking self-willedness of our parent did not result entirely in loss. Imbibing his liberal theory, revolting against his illiberal practice, we sharpened our little claws for future strife; warring unendingly against the most self-willed creature we had ever known." This is a charming book, and not really unfilial, for it presents a picture of a Victorian family that throve on perversity.

Edward Thomas, poet of the First World War, wrote about the countryside with rare feeling, and in his work was something of the quality of the now much-lauded Jefferies. Like Jefferies, a keen observer of nature, he strode through the English countryside, staying at humble inns and talking with the people of remote villages. Roland Gant, in THE PROSE OF EDWARD THOMAS (The Falcon Press. 10s. 6d.), has attempted to gather together a representative selection of Thomas's writings, and it may be said that they very fairly interpret his development from the flamboyant phrasing of his University days to the crystal-clear cadences of his final output.

Two new books for the nature lover are TERRITORY IN BIRD LIFE (Collins. 10s. 6d.), by Eliot Howard, a reprint of a work which first appeared twenty-eight years ago, and WONDERS OF NEPTUNE'S KINGDOM (Sampson Low. 15s.), by F. Martin Duncan. Eliot Howard's book advances the theory that practically all our birds, when the mating season comes round, stake out a territory for themselves, and that this territory is in most instances the pivot on which their sexual life turns.

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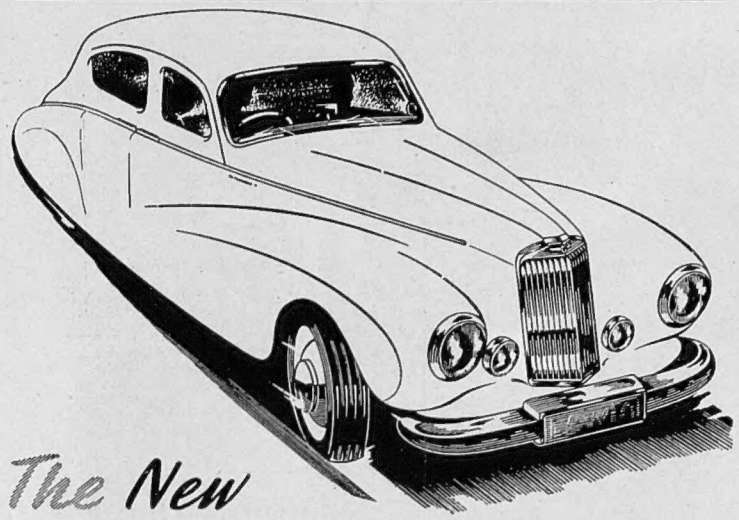

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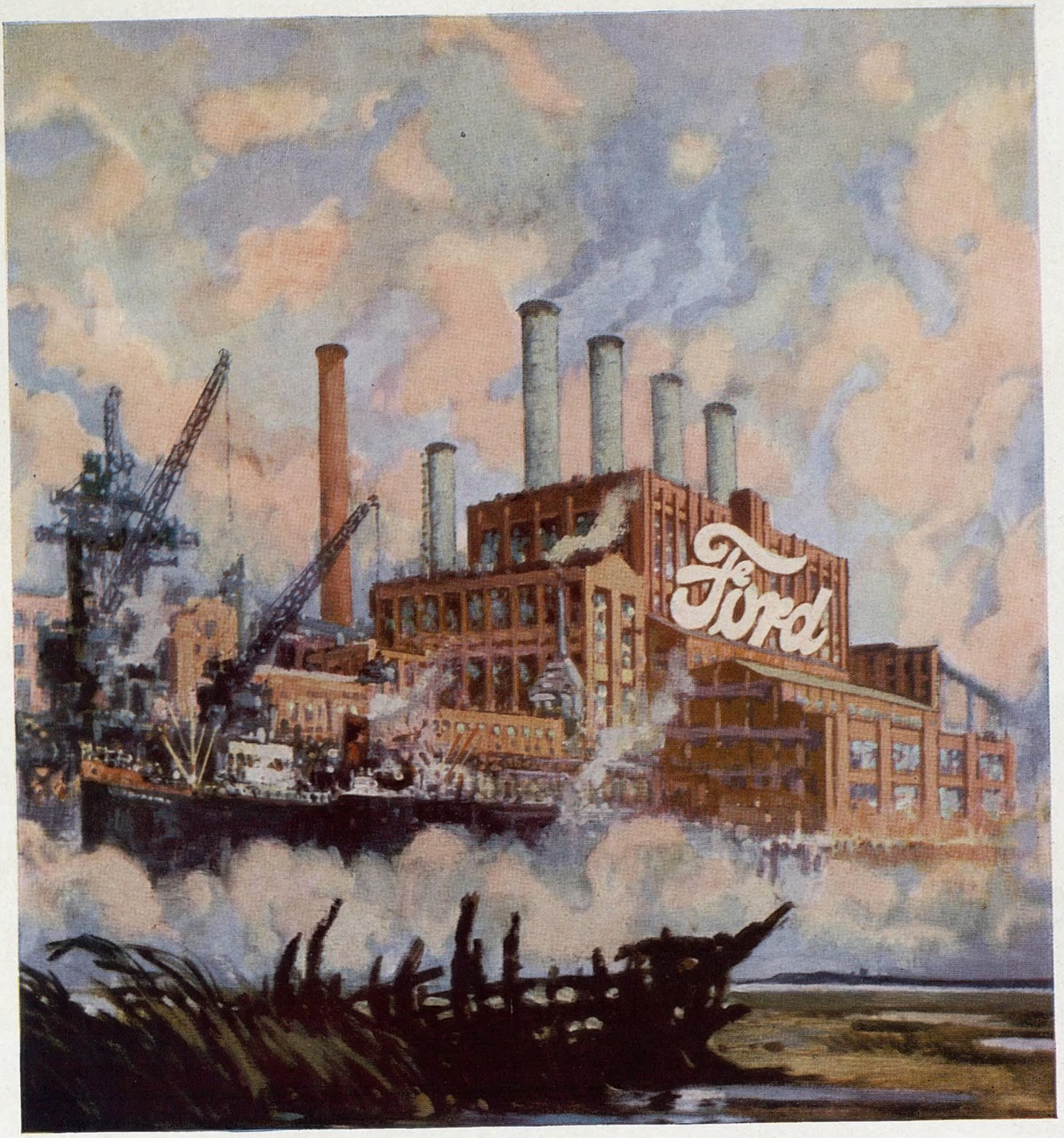

The Marsh That Became a Miracle

It lay along the Essex shore near where the Old Thames meets the sea — a lonely and desolate marsh. No one came here by day except a few fishermen and an occasional birdwatcher — until about 25 years ago when someone came with a vision — a very practical vision which is now a vast reality. The first sod was cut, the great structure took shape. And soon the Ford vehicles began to roll out ; thousands of cars for work and pleasure, thousands of trucks that went to Alamein, to Normandy and to Commerce, thousands of tractors for farms all over the world. On those once desolate Thames-side acres now stands the greatest hive of motor industry in Europe — the Ford Works of Dagenham. The marsh has indeed brought forth a miracle.

Ford OF DAGENHAM

CARS · VANS · TRUCKS · TRACTORS

DIEU ET MON DROIT
BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR VEHICLE
MANUFACTURERS

FORD ENTERPRISE FOR BRITISH PROSPERITY

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM

CLIVE UPTON

TIME MARCHES ON!

I've seen a lot of harvests, and I'll see a lot to come,
I've heard the sickle's swish become the combine's steady hum,
But the Spirit of the harvest-home will never have an end,
For other things may change, but not the skill behind my blend.

JOHNNIE WALKER

SCOTCH WHISKY

Born 1820—
still going
strong

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